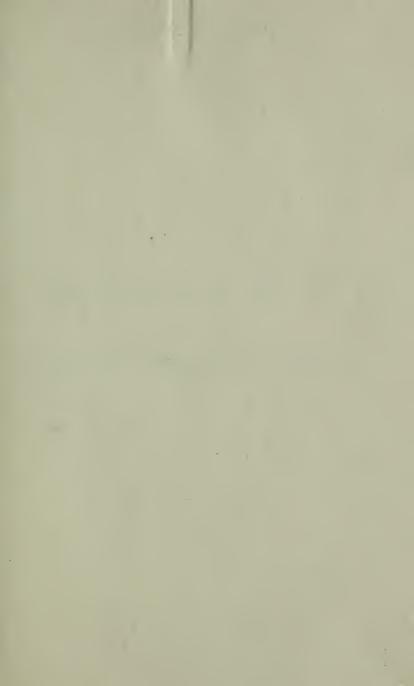


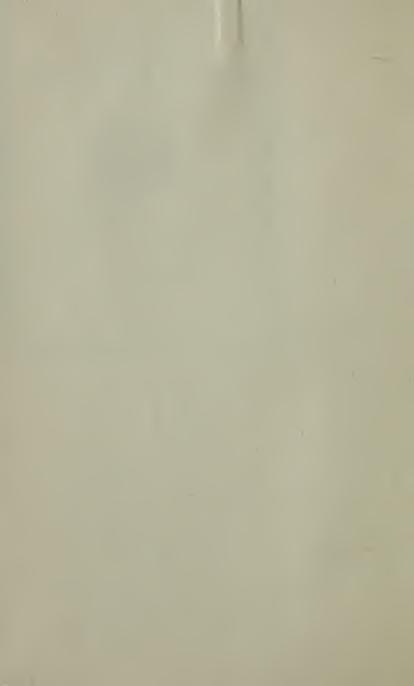
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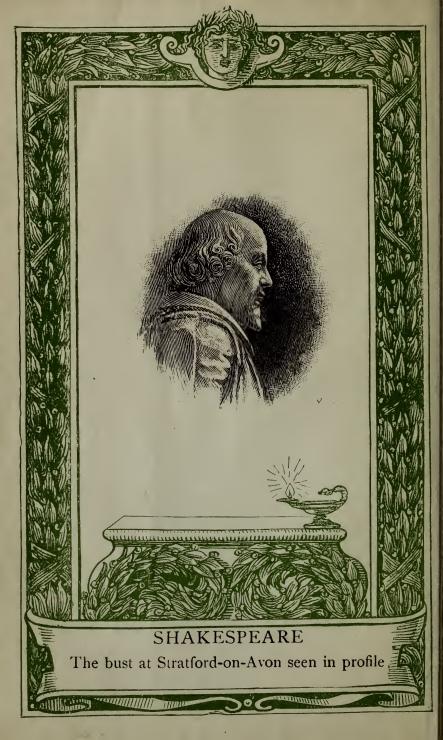
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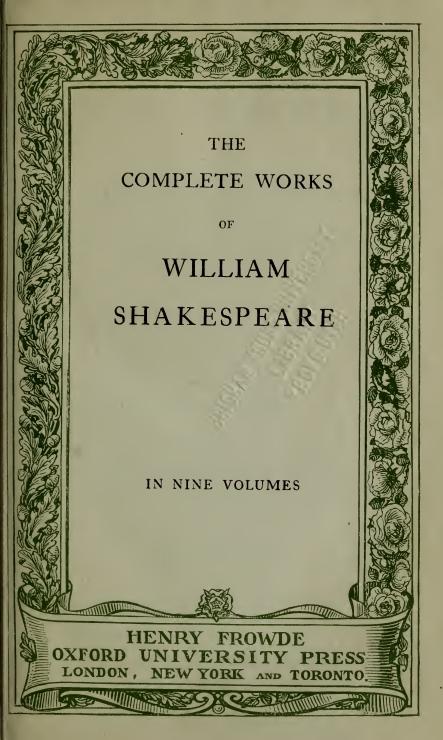
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES OF THE SEVERAL PLAYS BY
EDWARD DOWDEN

AND A NOTE BY
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON
UPON THE SPECIAL TYPOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF THIS EDITION

IN NINE VOLUMES

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VOL. I

THE TEMPEST, TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, MEASURE FOR MEASURE

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HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON, NEW YORK, TORONTO AND MELBOURNE
1910

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

THERE is one book in the world of which it might be affirmed and argued, without fear of derision from any but the supreme and crowning fools among the foolishest of mankind, that it would be better for the world to lose all others and keep this one than to lose this and keep allother treasures bequeathed by human genius to all that we can conceive of eternity—to all that we can imagine of immortality. That book is best known, and best described for all of us, simply by the simple English name of its author. The word Shakespeare connotes more than any other man's name that ever was written or spoken upon earth. The bearer of that name was the one supreme creator of men who everarose among mortals to show them and to leave with them an all but innumerable race of evident and indisputable immortals. No child of manand woman was too high or too low for his perfect apprehension and appreciation. Of good and evil, in all their subtlest and sublimest forms of thought and action and revelation, he knew more than ever it has been given to any

other man to know. All this incomparable birthright might conceivably have been bestowed on a man from whom the birthright of song had by equitable compensation been absolutely withheld. But except upon the greatest of lyric and prophetic poets it has never been bestowed in ampler or more entrancing measure.

It cannot, or rather it must not, be denied that no promise of so great a future was given or was suggested by the first two booklets which presented to the world of readers the name of the greatest among all the writers of all time. There are touches of inspiration and streaks of beauty in 'Venus and Adonis': there are fits of power and freaks of poetry in the 'Rape of Lucrece': but good poems they are not: indeed they are hardly above the level of the imitations which followed the fashion set by them, from the emulous hands of such minor though genuine poets as Lodge and Barksted. And when we remember, as we cannot and should not choose but remember, how much of crudity as well as beauty we must needs recognize in 'Two Gentlemen of Verona', 'Love's Labour's Lost', and the first rough sketch of 'Romeo and Juliet', we are compelled to admit that the name of their author, had he died and left behind him no other credentials than these, could hardly have

been set by any competent judge beside that of the great young poet who had given to England and immortality the tragedies of Doctor Faustus' and 'Edward the Second'. In the first of these three plays there is some charm of humour, though the pleasantry is sometimes attenuated to the verge of inanition: in the second, with a good deal of forced and wiredrawn jocularity, there is likewise no lack of genuine fun and glorious poetry: in the third it is first of all to be remembered and lamented that Shakespeare should not or could not have followed the beautifully simple and exquisitely pathetic narrative of Bandello instead of the inferior and adulterated version of the tale to which alone we can suppose him to have had access, and which by its perverse omission of the finest incident in the whole story has deprived us of what must and would have been the tenderest and noblest passage in the loveliest of all tragedies of love. The last words interchanged by the dying Romeo and Juliet, had Shakespeare given them utterance, could not but have been as perfect in beauty as the after attempt of a presumptuous mummer to supply them was ridiculous and revolting in its impertinent incompetence. But the text, long since cleared for ever of Garrick's hideous interpolation, remains liable to the objection of a scarcely less presumptuous pedant that the style or tone of the lovemaking is unlike the natural language of actual lovers: as though the spoken as well as the written expression of feeling did not naturally rather than conventionally vary from age to age. Men of the renascence could no more be expected to talk like men of the middle ages — whether contemporaries of Dante, of Chaucer, or of Villon—than like men of our own age. Each century or so, if we accept the convenient and casual division of manners and of styles by the rough and ready reckoning of successive dates, has its own natural conventions of life and art, from which none can entirely escape but by servile affectation of an obsolete manner or fatuous affectation of an unnatural style. Margites Hallam, who knew so many things so badly, could not see this. The same explanation rather than excuse is no less necessary for a fair and appreciative estimate of Shakespeare's first original and unaided attempt at dramatic chronicle or historic tragedy. Full. as it is of flowing and fervent beauty, the effusive and elegiac style of 'King Richard II' is hardly more dramatic or lifelike in many of the scenes than the very earliest manner of Marlowe; and the treatment of character is less coherent and consistent than the great elder poet's. There are at least six consecutive lines in Greene's grotesque tragedy of 'Titus Andronicus' which are evidently interpolated by the young Shakespeare; whose early gift for serious or humorous imitation suffices to explain the rancour of the elder and minor poet. They are in the exact style of Greene, so glorified and transfigured as to be recognizable only by those who can see the gradations and shades of difference which distinguish a modest original from a superb imitation. It is less obviously easy to decide on the complicated question of Shakespeare's share in the singularly unequal trilogy of 'King Henry VI'. The comparatively few scenes in the first part which bear the impression of his prentice hand are sometimes in rhyme crude enough here and there, but above the reach of those rhymesters whose 'jigging veins' were finally dried up by the superbly contemptuous derision of Marlowe-and sometimes in blank verse not always unworthy of that mighty master: the finest passage in the second is an evident and magnificent interpolation of Shakespeare's now almighty hand in its maturity of omnipotence: the third, a very fine tragic poem in its original form, was slightly and greatly improved by the critical as well as poetical manipulation of Shakespeare. The concluding play of 'King Richard III' is a more harmonious work of still youthful genius, in which there is but one elaborately finished figure among a crowd of powerfully designed sketches. Richard is Shakespeare's first great and perfect creation; admirable as well as terrible in his brilliant and dauntless intelligence, his fiery versatility of humour and of spirit, his unity and variety of character and of gifts. For the first time in all the literature of the world we are confronted with a great as well as a greatly wicked man: even Aeschylus and even Sophocles could show us but an Aegisthus and a Creon: Richard could take up such a couple of criminals in the hollow of his hand.

Six years before the publication of this history, five years before the first appearance of Shake-speare's name in print, a great dramatic poem had been issued from the press without the author's name, which remains and must remain for ever the most inscrutable riddle, the most interesting subject of debate among students of poetry, that ever chance or craft proposed for solution or conjecture. There is nothing quite so subtly and profoundly impressive, so charged with the sublimest effects of terror and pity, in any of Shakespeare's early plays, as in the

tragedy of 'Arden of Feversham'. There is more in it of the tragic humour and terrible or tender insight which were his alone in the fullness and perfection of their power than will be found in the very greatest work of the very greatest of his followers and disciples: and to say this is to say much indeed: but less cannot and must not be said. And no poet of the time but Shakespeare and Webster has shown so noble an instinct for elevating and purifying the character of women or of men whom the chronicles they followed with close and meticulous fidelity had presented as merely debased and contemptible criminals: while the villain whose abject and savage egotism is the mainspring of the tragic action can hardly seem to any competent reader the creature of any hand then engaged in creation but Shakespeare's. Assuredly there is none other known to whom it could be plausibly or even possibly assigned. If it be not his, there was a greater than he in his youth at work for the tragic stage, whose very name has perished.

The delightful 'Comedy of Errors' is the very crown and flower of the young Shakespeare's humorous and fanciful work. For the first time he had before him as a model the work of a great comic poet—a man of rare if rough and ready

genius. He could not improve, as no other imitator-not even Rotrou and not even Molière —could improve, on the invention and construction of Plautus: but he has flavoured the fun with such an exquisite infusion of poetry as no other imitator could afford. And without breaking the bounds of broad comedy so far as to impair the harmony of his work he has introduced upon the unsentimental scene two figures of young lovers, a fervent youth and a fugitive maid, round which he has thrown a musical gloriole of lyric and elegiac poetry beyond all reach or all aspiration of all other comic poets. Coleridge, his greatest and his all but incomparable commentator, calls this play his only attempt at farce: but surely 'Twelfth Night' is as much and 'Merry Wives of Windsor' much more of a farce than the 'Comedy of Errors'. And 'The Taming of the Shrew', adapted and improved from a brilliant and powerful comedy of unknown authorship, is not less farcical in the violence of its horse-play and the complication and evolution of its intrigue.

The tragical history of 'King John', though in many of its earlier scenes diffuse and rhetorical even to the verge of declamation and verbosity, shows in some points a distinct and decisive advance in general grasp of character and tem-

perance of treatment. Its hero, the noble and chivalrous Bastard, is the first example in Shakespeare's work of a type which found its final and crowning expression in the person of King Henry V: the humorous-heroic. The eponymous reptile is better drawn than his less venomous fellow in futility and ferocity, King Richard II: but the mother and child who fall victims to his currish cruelty are hardly on the whole as lifelike as the maturer and fullgrown Shakespeare would have made them. But the last appearance of the maddened mother, who has had noble things to say in some of the previous scenes, is magnificent. The boy is no more comparable with a later boy of Shakespeare's begetting than is his mother with the mother of Coriolanus: The wat find the party of the

The first tragedy of 'Hamlet,' which as obviously belongs to the first period of Shakespeare as any of his other early plays, is as complete and effective from the dramatic no less than the merely theatrical point of view as the recast and transfiguration of the poem which set it for ever among the highest recorded works of man. From the familiar contemporary mentions and allusions and references which attest the very natural fact of its immediate and perhaps unequalled popularity we cannot but draw the

obvious inference and realize the indisputable certainty that Shakespeare never wrote merely for the stage, but always with an eye on the future and studious reader, who would be competent and careful to appreciate what his audience and his fellow-actors could not. The perfect Hamlet was so far beyond their apprehension that the lying rascals who published the first edition of its author's collected plays did not fear to strike out from the already published text the very finest and most important passage in the poem: whence we may infer to what a process of mutilation the plays first issued under their most inauspicious auspices must only too surely have been subjected. But 'Hamlet'—no thanks to them-' Hamlet' we have in the fullness of the glory with which the afterthought of its creator transfigured and endowed it. The greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies it is not: but it is not unintelligible that it should pass for such in general and traditional estimation. The infinite and imperishable charm of the leading character, in all its mystery and all its actuality, is wider in the universal attraction of its appeal than that of any other among the creatures of the omnipotence of Shakespeare. Others may appeal more profoundly or more keenly to the imagination or the sympathy of particular students:

but the reach of Hamlet's influence, the sway of Hamlet's empire, has always been and always will be wider than any of theirs.

As to which among so many matchless and unapproachable masterpieces may be Shakespeare's masterwork in tragedy or in comedy it is impossible for any critic or any poet, and impossible it would be if even some celestial chance could possibly send us a second Coleridge, to pronounce judgement with the decision of a final authority. But as to which among his historic and patriotic plays or poems is the crowning and consummate masterpiece of the supreme poet there can be no possible question among any imaginable readers. The trilogy of 'King Henry IV' and 'King Henry V' would suffice to show, not that Shakespeare was the greatest poet, but assuredly that Shakespeare was the greatest dramatist and the greatest humourist of all time. The majestic and impassioned poetry of the graver scenes should not, if it is possible that it should not, be eclipsed or overshadowed in the sight of students young or old by the presence and the rivalry of the greatest comic figure that ever dawned upon the conception of the greatest comic poet ever born. And it is in a great historic and heroic trilogy that this matchless figure is set as in everliving

relief by the deathless hand which carved and coloured it. The multitudinous magnificence of variety in creation which makes it difficult if not impossible for any not immodest and irrational criticism to attempt an estimate of this trilogy can be compared with nothing else in poetry or in prose. That equal and perfect justice should have been meted out alike to Hotspur and to Hal is sufficient to prove the flawless equity, the impeccable intelligence, the illimitable sympathy and the infallible apprehension of noble nature and of living truth, which none need seek elsewhere but all may find in Shakespeare. From Bardolph down to Lord Bardolph, from Pistol down to Prince John, the radiance of righteousness distinguishes the judgement and the treatment of character which cast all other men's into the shade. Shakespeare is himself alone: he could have taken up Homer in his right hand and Dante in his left.

In the third play of this trilogy he has unconsciously matched himself against a greater than Homer or than Dante. In all poetic or dramatic or patriotic literature there is nothing of its kind comparable with the 'Persae' of Aeschylus but Shakespeare's 'King Henry V', there is nothing that can be set against the tragedy which revolves round Agincourt but the tragedy which

is based on Salamis. As Shelley so justly saw and so admirably said, the comic humour of Shakespeare supplies the place filled and affords the relief given by lyric poetry in the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles. And here above all is this the case: and here above all is the harmony of tragedy and comedy most manifest and most perfect. The poetic chivalry of treatment, the fine sympathy and the full goodwill displayed towards 'that sweet enemy, France', could not have been excelled by Philip Sidney's very self. The shafts of sunbright raillery aimed at the sanguine self-confidence and joyful self-esteem of the French are no more tipped with poison or edged with malevolence than the kindly and faithful satire, if satire indeed we may call it, levelled at the sturdy assurance and stolid rectitude of the typical English plebeian. How far above all taint of provincial prejudice was the patriotism of the supreme Englishman may be seen by his thumbnail sketches of the stoutly taciturn Scot and the irritably voluble Irishman -good soldiers and good fellows both of them: but the homely Welsh captain is as perfect and as cordial a study as any of all the living figures that serve so gloriously to set off the great eponymous type of the ideal hero, the ideal humourist, and the ideal king.

In the bright and boisterous farce called 'Merry Wives of Windsor' the reappearance of Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly is hardly as plausible as it is certainly amusing: and even as a picture of provincial manners in Shakespeare's time it can hardly be set beside the delightful scenes in which the genuine Shallowhad enjoyed the somewhat costly privilege of introducing the genuine Falstaff to the humours and the comforts of country life. Did it not remind us of something so much better than its best, no one would wonder that the author of so good a Plautine sort of play should have found it worth whileworth Shakespeare's while—to rewrite and to relieve it with a touch or two of poetry such as none could have spared but he.

as the anonymous old 'Taming of a Shrew' must excite an interest and a curiosity as to its unconjecturable authorship only less keen than theirs who stand for ever baffled and bewildered before the insoluble difficulties presented by the kindred problem in regard to so noble an early example of high tragedy as 'Arden of Feversham'. But in this case there is, for English if not for foreign students, no question possible of its attribution to the hand of Shakespeare. The artificial accent of the blank verse, and the stiff

servility of imitation which marks it as the work of a humbly ambitious and feebly industrious disciple of Marlowe, would suffice to set that question at rest. But though Shakespeare has in some degree toned down the somewhat rough and broad brutality of the original humour, he has rather refined than improved on it: or at least he has improved on it only by a process of refinement in detail rather than in principle. And he has not only struck out one or two fine touches of living humour, he has cancelled the whole of the admirable conclusion or dramatic epilogue which is morally and dramatically necessary to complete and to harmonize the work as a comic poem. It is hardly credible even of his editors that the unscrupulous imbecility of their impudent arrogance in tampering with his text should have ventured to suppress his recast of it; they were ready enough to garble and mutilate the sweetest and sublimest passages of his poetry, but they would hardly have dared or desired to make away with such a final if not such a necessary stroke of consummating comedy and crowning stage effect. To the underplot of this play due justice has never perhaps been done: it undoubtedly belongs rather to the comedy of bustle than the comedy of intrigue: but in the wide world of dramatic art there is

room for both kinds below the higher station of the comedy which lives and requickens, survives or revives, by grace of humour or by force of character.

The subject of 'All's well that ends well', however full of dramatic or emotional suggestion and scenic promise or possibility, is hardly so fit, perhaps, for theatrical as for narrative treatment. A curious and interesting short story in which not one of the leading agents can arouse any just or serious or healthy sympathy may serve well enough for the rather idle amusement of half an hour, but can hardly suffice for the groundwork of such a play as Shakespeare might have given us, had it pleased him to seek a subject elsewhere. As it did not, we can only be thankful for the pathetically fascinating poetry, and yet more for the farcically magnificent comedy, which give the play we have a memorable and distinguished station in the second rather than in the third class of Shakespeare's works. And if Helena is hardly worthier than Bertram of any sympathetic interest, the beautiful figure of his mother is enough to raise and to redeem the ethical tone or impression of the poem and the play. The property of the play of the play.

A single happy and ever blessed year, the

last of the sixteenth century, saw the appearance in immortal print of three among Shakespeare's masterpieces. 'The Merchant of Venice' is perhaps the greatest and most perfect example of tragi-comedy on record. The tragic figure of Shylock, less sinned against than sinning, is thrilled and vivified by comic as well as terrific touches of character and emotion. His incontinence of lamentation and of rage is not less grotesque than piteous: his atrocity outweighs the balance of his injuries. But here as always Shakespeare is ahead of all men: his plea for righteousness, his claim for manhood, his appeal for charity, could not have been so keen, so profound, so durable in the final impression of their force if they had been put into the mouth of a good Jew, a moral and sentimental sufferer, as now that they find fierce and tigerish utterance from the bloodthirsty lips of a ravenous and murderous usurer. That truth should speak through Shylock was a conception beyond reach of any other dramatist or poet that ever lived. And apart from this dark and splendid central figure, which disappears only to make way for the loveliest imaginable scene of laughter and of love, the charm of the whole poem is actually greater than even the interest of it. Every figure is in its way equally winsome: every

scene of laughing prose or smiling poetry is equally delightful.

There is less of dramatic romance and poetic attraction in the incomparable comedy of 'Much Ado about Nothing': but it is, in that kind, the crowning work of Shakespeare. In high comedy he never surpassed the perfection of the two figures which at once gave to the play in common parlance the name of 'Benedick and Beatrice': in broad comedy he never exceeded the triumphant and transcendent humour which glorifies with loving laughter the names of Dogberry and Verges.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is outside as well as above all possible or imaginable criticism. It is probably or rather surely the most beautiful work of man. No human hand can ever have bequeathed us anything properly or rationally comparable with this. Beauty pure and simple as the spring's 'when hawthorn buds appear' informs every verse with life as lovely and as happy as the life of flowers when 'every flower enjoys the air it breathes'. The lyric part is hardly and only lovelier than the rest because the lyric is of its very nature the sweetest and most perfect form of poetry. The fresh and matchless fragrance of Shakespeare's inborn and everliving and ever present lovingkind-

ness imbues with something of April life the very interludes of farce. Were this the one surviving work of Shakespeare, his place would still be high in the first order of poets: but all words fall short of our thanksgiving when we remember that the same hand which gave us this gift gave us likewise 'Othello' and 'King Lear'.

In 'Twelfth Night, or What you will '-a work of pure enchantment which apparently owes its second title to the poet's conscious or unconscious reminiscence of a brilliant rather than satisfactory comedy by Marston-the fusion of broad and bright Rabelaisian fun with sweet and ripe Shakespearean poetry has given us something not less unique and only less delightful than the loveliest dream that ever lived in the living light of song. The double-sexed figure of the adorable Viola-Cesario was the spiritual parent—we can hardly say father or mother of a somewhat over-copious generation of shepages, beginning with the still more famous and popular Bellario-Euphrasia of Beaumont and Fletcher. But the humane rather than inhuman humour which distinguishes the comic genius of Shakespeare, even when revelling and running riot in the wildest of practical jests and the most extravagant of outrageous hoaxes,

from the sometimes brutal and almost ruffianly fun of even such great contemporaries as Ben Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher, is negatively if not positively manifest in all those ever delicious scenes which make us happy in the joyous company of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria Lady Belch, Malvolio, and Feste the jester.

The author of 'As you like it' had before him two memorable models: but neither Lodge's 'Rosalynde' nor the fine old 'Tale of Gamelyn' can now be said to exist in human memory except as raw material for one of the most flawless examples of poetic and romantic drama, interwoven rather than inlaid with half divine realism or naturalism in humour, that ever cast its charm upon eternity. There is something almost akin to fairyland in the merely human fascination of the characters and the story. And if there is also something questionable, if we may not venture to call it objectionable, in the rapid and facile transformations of character from atrocity to penitence and from tyranny to asceticism which serve to wind up the action so comfortably and so suddenly, so instantly and so easily, it is only by a somewhat ungrateful though hardly perhaps over confident reader that any very grave or serious protest could be raised against it. And yet, even in the half

heavenly forest of Arden, even in a sweeter pastoral world of fancy-fed imagination than that of Theocritus himself, we cannot but feel that something of a breach is made in the natural law of moral instinct by the mere prospect of union between the very vilest of intending fratricides and the very sweetest of sisterly friends. Even fairyland has its ethics: and we are here but half-way to fairyland.

The same ethical fault, if ever such fault may reluctantly and diffidently be found with any work of Shakespeare's, might be found with another masterpiece as far remote from this in tone and atmosphere as the depth of midnight from the height of noon. The great indefinable poem or unclassifiable play which bears the surely half satirical title of 'Measure for Measure' stands too high by right of might in tragic impression to be seriously impaired or vitiated even by the moral flaw which induced even Coleridge to blaspheme. It is undeniable that for such monsters of base and abject atrocity as Oliver and Angelo a lifelong seclusion from intercourse with the humanity they dishonour would be the irreducible minimum of the penalty demanded rather than deserved by their crimes of intention and of action. But this moral defect in the equity of dramatic art which

for once or for twice brings down Shakespeare as a playwright to the ethical level of Fletcher is not a more serious dereliction in the dark and deep tragedy of the graver play than in the pastoral romance of 'As you like it'. And apart from this entirely subordinate question there can be no doubt and no denial of the obvious truth that 'the true tragedy' of human life and character never found more glorious expression or more terrible exposition than in the tragic scenes of this magnificent if not faultless comitragedy. It is not the least among the miracles wrought by the almighty hand of Shakespeare that it should have been able to create one of the supreme glories of all poetry, one of the crowning examples which testify to his transcendent power, out of the shameful agony of a shameless coward in face of nothing more terrible than death. Too sublime for attraction, too severe for fascination, Isabella is yet not only 'one of Shakespeare's women' but one of his noblest and most memorable. Some injustice has been done to her excellent duke by critics who condemn or deride him as a busybody on the score of his rather theatrical satisfaction in the sensational conduct of his detective business: he is on the whole a not unrighteous or ignoble justicer, and not unworthy to redeem the heroic

object of his admiring affection from the threatened stagnation of a cloister. But, superb as is all the tragic part of this unique and singular play, it can be questioned only by the most questionable of moralists that the comic part, lit up as it is by rare occasional flashes of Shake-spearean power (with a streak in it of Jonsonian brutality), is generally far less humorous as well as less good-humoured than usual, and decidedly not less gross than the kindred scenes of brothelry in a play to which they can have been contributed by no feebler hand than Shakespeare's.

The second of the only two doubtful plays ever ascribed to Shakespeare came out a year before the piratical publication of 'Troilus and Cressida', 'Pericles,' and the Sonnets. 'A Yorkshire Tragedy 'does not at any rate belong to the class of obviously spurious plays which it is impossible for any Englishman other than an incurable dunce to associate even in thought with the incomparable name of Shakespeare. Its tragic brutality is more repellent if not revolting than the comic brutality of Jonson at its worst. But the simple power of touch, the straightforward mastery of hand, can hardly perhaps be matched by any other man's we know. The ghastly and inhuman subject might possibly if not probably have been attempted by the author

of 'A Woman Killed with Kindness': but the critic who could attribute this fearful little play to Heywood might as plausibly assign the authorship of 'The Inn Album' to Longfellow. This is not to say that I believe it to be Shakespeare's: indeed I would rather think that impossible: but impossible I cannot quite bring myself to feel comfortably assured that it is. The all but insoluble question involved in the problem is whether Shakespeare at the height of his powers would or could have taken as the subject of even a slight and rough-hewn bywork or study in stark-naked realism the case of a murderous monomaniac or criminal lunatic. as we now should define him; of a demoniac, or sufferer under the possession of an evil spirit incarnate in his flesh, as in Shakespeare's time they would have accounted him, and as in his last agony he assumes himself to have been.

That Shakespeare should have chosen so singular a subject as that of his last English historic play is not stranger than that he should have handled it in so singular a fashion. From the opening to the close we are conscious of a certain defect in dramatic harmony of conception and poetic unity of action. The style of 'King Henry VIII' is unmistakably earlier than that of his last and greatest historic or

tragic period; as rhetorical and effusive-with a difference '-as that of King John 'in many scenes of either play. The obvious metrical resemblance of more than a few passages to the versification of Middleton and of Fletcher is not exactly or conclusively sufficient to establish as rationally acceptable the assumption that Fletcher could have written the death-scene of Queen Catherine; or, indeed, the nobly and passionately eloquent scenes which set before us the death of Buckingham and the fall of Wolsey. Nor, for that matter, has Fletcher, whom his own generation preferred to Shakespeare as a painter or creator of women, left us as subtle and significant a study of female character as the finely finished and ambiguously attractive sketch of Anne Bolevn. But for the full and proper purpose of historic drama there should have been a second if not a third part to set before us the high patriotic action and the unlovely personal degeneration into passionate if not inhuman and reckless if not ruthless tyranny of the majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome' and fortified the independence of England on shore by the supremacy of England on the sea.

The insolubly enigmatic 'history of Troilus and Cressida' belongs likewise beyond all

question to the penultimate period of Shakespeare's work. For the second and last time it is impossible to conjecture why a play of his designing begins as it does to end where it does. In fact, the close of 'King Henry VIII' is almost harmonious and satisfactory if compared with the cynically abrupt and dramatically inexplicable upshot of 'Troilus and Cressida'. Nor is there any sufficiently sustained interest either of action or of character to make amends for this rather serious defect or obliquity of design. The union and disunion of a violently hysterical young amorist and a congenitally changeable young wanton, both equally hot of blood and weak of heart, could never have seemed to any tragic poet a proper subject or groundwork for a tragic poem: but out of this most inadequate and unattractive material Shakespeare has been pleased to fashion some of the most glorious poetry in the world: from this unpromising point of departure he has swerved aside and forged ahead so as to attain and to comprise within the strange scheme of his poem a philosophy as sublime in its truth as Hamlet's. This is as much as to say, what no rational reverence can deny, that the keynote of the dramatic poem, the keystone of the spiritual structure, is radically and indisputably cynical. Alone

among Shakespeare's plays, it lives among the great works of the world by the right and might of only such individual scenes and passages as no other man could have given us. The majesty, the magnificence, the depth and breadth of creative thought, the height and reach of interpretative imagination, which inform and inspire the matchless music of the verse, can only be duly acknowledged by forbearance from all attempt at critical definition or articulate recognition of their peculiar quality or their immanent presence.

It must nevertheless be admitted by all students of normally healthy organs and tolerably cleanly instincts that there are too many passages in this abnormal if not amorphous masterpiece more discomfortable and even repugnant to natural taste and relish than the daring and admirably realistic scenes which have given an inheritance of ill fame among ignorant or prurient dunces to the name of 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre'. This evident recast or partial transfiguration of some earlier and homelier play belongs, as far as the work belongs to Shakespeare, to his final and consummate period of incomparable achievement. In simplicity, in sublimity, in purity of pathos and in harmony of impression, it is above comparison with any but the greatest of its author's other works. The Homeric tragedy and terror of the storm, the Virgilian tenderness and fragrance of floral and musical tribute from a maiden mourning for the dead, the vivid and noble pathos of reunion between a forlorn father and a heroic child, could have been given as here they are given by Shakespeare alone, and by Shakespeare only at the very height and consummation of his most human when most superhuman power.

That power, clothed often in words of matchless charm and verse of matchless music, informs with immortality the greater part of the Sonnets of Shakespeare: all indeed, we may say, but a very few of a lighter and a slighter sort among the whole melodious number. They are not to be and indeed they cannot be read as a regular sequence composing one great poem of passionate emotion after the likeness of Sidney's unequalled 'Astrophel and Stella': but no province or division of Shakespeare's work is proportionately richer, even to overflowing, in supreme and ever memorable lines and passages and phrases impossible to any but one man's hand on record. No better and saner or more rational and reverent commentary on the entire text can be imagined or desired than that which accompanies the

marvellously faithful, careful, and inspired version of François-Victor Hugo; the incomparably gifted and the incomparably devoted translator of all and more than all Shakespeare's actual or possible work. The little poem subjoined to the Sonnets, 'A Lover's Complaint,' has two superbly Shakespearean lines in it which any competent reader's memory will naturally and gratefully detach from their setting and reserve for his delight. Of that impudent imposture called 'The Passionate Pilgrim' it would here be as impertinent and as improper to speak as of the very worst and vilest rubbish ever paraded among the ragged regiment of the spurious plays.

'One star differeth from another star in glory': but he must be an over-daring astronomer who would venture to prefer any one of Shakespeare's three great romantic plays to either of its rivals. The 'Winter's Tale' is as unique among poems as is Shakespeare among men: the tragedy, the comedy, the pastoral fusion of them both, the heavenly harmony of the close, are all alike beyond all expression of praise. And from Homer's day to Hugo's there has been no such loving and faithful picture of a child as Shakespeare has given in the tragedy with which it opens. 'To see his nobleness!'—the ejacula-

tion of his criminally lunatic father, which redeems from the damnation of absolute abhorrence the only serious study of jealousy which Shakespeare ever deigned to take of so base a moral infirmity or vice-must always be the mental epitaph inscribed on the memory of every man born competent to read Shakespeare. But the tragedy which closes with the death of the child is too nearly 'hateful' and dreadful to be Shakespearean: the atmosphere of insane atrocity which pervades it, and from which only the passionate and heroic figure of Paulina emerges defiant and unhurt, is too painful to be nothing more or worse than tragic. No change could ever possibly have brightened and refreshed it but only the change to such a wealth and glory of sunshine as only the spirit of Shakespeare could have shed, and only the genius of Shakespeare could have ventured to flood the tragic and stormy stage with. There is no such pastoral poetry, such pastoral drama, in the world. The harmony of sweet prosaic realism and sweeter poetic passion is so absolute and perfect that it only gains instead of losing by the sudden change of weather to passing storm-wrack of cloud and threatening wind of ravage. And the music that recalls a far happier Alcestis from the semblance of death to the reality of motherhood is

the closing note of such a divinely human and naturally superhuman melody as no touch but one musician's could leave to vibrate for ever in the ear of the spirit.

But yet there is a somewhat deeper note struck in the companion poem of 'Cymbeline'. Though Perdita may be the sweetest of all imaginable maidens, Imogen is the most adorable woman ever created by God or man. Her single figure might well suffice to distinguish its designer as the supreme creator of imaginative life in human and immortal character. The woodland scenes of kindly and loving sisterhood in brotherhood with her unknown brothers touch a sweeter and a stranger chord of interest than any other of a comparable sound in the whole world of poetry. That these should not be out of tune or keeping with the rest of the poem is proof enough of its right to be ranked among the great works of Shakespeare. But it has other claims than this to that matchless honour: the subtly consistent and credible figure of the heartless and fearless villain to whom life and death and men and women are merely shadows or puppets to be played with or played upon by the intelligence and the daring of an evil spirit: and the natural opposite and corresponsive personality of the trustful if indiscreet husband whose rather undignified if not unworthy kind of confidence degrades him to the acceptance of a wager on the honour of his wife which doubtless does not debase him to the level of a Leontes, but does as decidedly indicate his difference in kind from a nature so nobly and congenitally incapable of jealousy as Othello's.

The third romantic play that Shakespeare lived to finish may have been conceived if not written earlier or later than the others: it is enough for us to recognize that each of this human triunity is coequal with its fellows. The 'Tempest,' is distinguishable from 'Cymbeline' and the 'Winter's Tale' by the stronger and more serious intervention of magical or supernatural activity. Among countless other claims on our special and wondering gratitude, it has the charm of evoking a reminiscence and provoking a comparison which one poet alone could endure. The gentle and joyful fancy which made fairyland of earth in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' of youth is here transfigured into the passionate and thoughtful imagination of a maturer and a mightier demigod or man. The difference of the later and the earlier poem is the difference between Ariel and Puck. 9/3/00/0 996H

The first in apparent date of Shakespeare's

Roman tragedies, if the seeming evidence of style may be accepted as conclusive, is not merely great at all points beyond comparison. with other men's most triumphant work: it sets before us the one man of Shakespeare's making who stands high above all his fellows in sublime simplicity of innate and inevitable heroism: no mediaeval knight or king, as the American detractors who so absurdly reproach him with what they call feudalism would lead their dupes to expect: a republican and a tyrannicide. The faultless and ideal figure of Marcus Brutus as painted by William Shakespeare shines out for all time in serene and superb disproof of the doubtless reasonable as well as plausible belief that the perfect heroism of perfect humanity must needs be unattractive if not repellent to the instinctive sense or apprehension of average and inferior mankind. No lesser poet has ever succeeded—in other words, no other poet will ever succeed—in making a blameless hero at once credible by human belief and loveable by human infirmity. But the infinitely thoughtful tenderness of Shakespeare's Brutus is as manifest and as characteristic as his heroic endurance of sorrow and his noble capacity of wrath. And the not so blameless Cassius is so naturally worthy to stand beside him and set

him off that we must forgive many shortcomings and offences to the later poet who so manfully avowed himself, at the height of his lesser glory and his inferior triumph, awed even to a just despair at the remembrance of these godlike Romans.

There is little enough of godlike or of good revealed in human character by the exhibition of the two leading or dominant figures in the less historic and more imaginative tragedy of 'Macbeth'. This great and terrible masterpiece of poetry or creation gives proof enough how independent of the interest excited by imaginative sympathy with virtue the inner action and passion of a great poem, if so it should please a great poet, may indisputably be. The figures of Banquo and Macduff, compared with those of Lady Macbeth and her criminal victim, make little more mark on our memory than the figure of Malcolm or of Ross. But the resolute and dauntless atrocity of the one wicked woman to whom Shakespeare has ever accorded the honours of heroism fascinates with the black magic of witchcraft implied in the original sense of the word fascination the conscience and the compassion, if not the reason and the sympathy, of all average manhood. Her touch of belated pity for the husband she has enthroned and

destroyed half humanizes the indomitably impenitent murderess who is no more susceptible to the impression of imaginary terrors than impervious to the touch of natural remorse. Mrs. Arden's too late regret is rather theatrically pathetic than morally convincing: Lady Macbeth's incapacity for repentance is the inevitable complement, or rather, perhaps, the logical consequence, of her instant imaginative readiness to leap at the suggested bait which tempts her to play the part of the temptress, and eclipse with a word the temptations and suggestions of the witches. The wild overture or prelude to the action, which brings us face to face in storm and wilderness with the only creatures of human imagination as great or almost as great in potency of terror as the Eumenides of Aeschylus, strikes a note so high in fancy and so deep in presage that the homely if not almost vulgar realism of their first reappearance must wellnigh revolt as well as perplex the instinct and the mind of the normally attentive and impressible reader. The effect of this evidently intentional change of note is surely rather jarring than convincing: it seems too great and strange a transmutation and a downfall that the prophetic agents of a doom sublime enough to change the face of kingdoms and destroy the

souls of heroes should be found begging chestnuts and killing swine. Middleton's witches would disdain such work: it is hardly worthy of the village crones rather photographed than painted by Heywood, by Dekker, and by Ford. If designed to bring the existence of these incarnate mysteries closer to the vision and the conviction of contemporary readers or spectators, the method is surely rather coarse and obvious: especially as their subsequent bearing is always poetically and magnificently harmonious in consistency of tragic impression, unimpaired if not intensified by the high fantastic realism of occasional detail which deepens rather than degrades the visionary assurance of its truth.

But no supernatural effect of tragedy and of terror can ever equal or approach the effect of purely natural causes which work out their inevitable and unimaginable results by dint or by grace of no more incognizable influence than that of character and circumstance alone. 'Macbeth' is not more surely above comparison with 'Romeo and Juliet' as to range of thought and might of passion than is 'King Lear' above comparison with 'Macbeth'. Coleridge himself, the greatest master of the supernatural among all poets of all time, has left nothing so terrible or so beautiful. In lyric power and

preterhuman imagination, unique alike in sweep of conception and in harmony of detail, he is beyond comparison with any other poet on record: but Shakespeare has touched a deeper chord of terror and a finer chord of pity in a poem which grapples with the best and the worst imaginable possibilities of human character no less than with the most living and the most glorious aspects of the passing magnificence of nature. All the magnetism of tempest is in the very words and cadences of the verse: and this matchless music is but an accompaniment, as this matchless painting is but a background, to the deeper and more dreadful harmonies and revelations of humanity. If this poem be not the greatest work of man, it is at least on a level with any other that tradition may set against it or enthusiasm beside it. Take away or tone down the tempest, and the tragedy of character would still remain, independent in its essence of the accident supplied by the wild night and the many miles of bushless waste. The conscious and conscienceless abandonment or self-devotion rather than self-surrender of Goneril and Regan to the instincts which they have just enough of practical intelligence to clothe if not to cover with some show of egotistic reasoning is as natural as the cruelty of

their servile ministers; even though lightning and rain be here as relentless as the willing and unwilling agents who nailed Prometheus to the cliff. The unspeakable villainy of Edmund is not less imaginable and credible in a rancorous and heartless sufferer under the brand of bastardy than is the cheerful gallantry of Faulconbridge in a heroic patriot who accepts it with a laugh and glorifies it by his acceptance. Against such a triad of most toad-spotted traitors no less heavenly counterpoise or contrast than could be given only by three such figures as those of Cordelia, Kent, and the Fool, could suffice to establish the ethical balance of the poem, and reconcile the sympathy or even sustain the endurance of the reader. The dramatic skill of the supreme dramatic rather than theatrical artist was never more triumphantly manifest than in the fusion and transfiguration of the stories here so naturally and so cunningly interwoven. To have turned the ugly and unmanageable legend of Cordelia's ultimate suicide in prison into the glory of a martyrdom unmatched for its tragic effect of terror and of pity, to have made its inevitable consequence the agony which now strikes out not the reason but the life of her father, is the supreme feat of Shakespeare as a spiritual craftsman. On the

other hand, we cannot honestly overlook the one great and grave oversight or flaw to be found in this tragic work: the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of Lear's only comrade and support in the first horror of his exposure as an outcast to the storm. That Casca should not meet us at Philippi must always have been felt as a disappointment and must always be remembered as a default: that the Fool should vanish with the tempest, never more to be thought of or mentioned by Lear or by Cordelia, can be neither explained nor excused by any possible audacity or felicity of conjecture. The most fortunate existence of a text from which two of the most priceless and incomparable scenes in the whole poem were struck out by the villainous editors of the folio precludes us from the otherwise natural and inevitable suspicion that another as brutal and treacherous excision may have deprived us of a third, in which we should have seen the last of the noble poor fellow whose suffering, in common with his own, was the means of his master's conversion from the royal egotism of a wilful and headstrong tyrant to the infinite sympathy of a high-minded and tender-hearted man with all sufferers under social negligence and misrule. In the noblest sense of an ambiguous if not indefinable term,

the socialism of the revolutionary if not subversive sympathies which imbue with such thoughtful passion the inspired insanity of the beggared and vagrant king can only rest unrecognized as Shakespeare's own prophetic and fervent faith by the blindest and deafest of misreaders.

The one tragedy ever written which can be set beside 'King Lear' as a comparable poem of the same kind as well as the same form is in all minor points unlike it. The eponymous hero is in every sense the hero indeed: and a nobler never lived in fiction or in less precious and immortal fact. The heroine, if not so heroically adorable as Cordelia, may probably seem to some readers a figure even more tenderly to be cherished in the inmost heart of all men's love and pity. She is not less patient and true: no other man, not even the creator of Antigone, and most assuredly no mortal woman, has ever painted the courage of women, the distinctive property of their peculiar heroism, as Shakepeare has. And she is gentle almost beyond belief, submissive almost beyond sympathy: it is certainly impossible to imagine Cordelia, nor perhaps is it possible to imagine any other of Shakespeare's women, so 'obedient a lady', so resentless of such outrage, so ultra-Christian in

her uncomplaining readiness to turn the other cheek. It is almost suggestive of something almost like a reversion to the mean mediaeval type of Griselda: of an ethical and spiritual subsidence or descent from Shakespeare's humanity to Chaucer's. But this impression is eclipsed if it cannot be effaced by the divine last scene which precedes her immolation. The fascination of her destroyer as a study is as great as the fascination exercised on all who enjoyed his friendship by the cordial and genial company of that rough and bluff incarnation of straightforward, manly, soldierly loyalty known to all who knew him as honest Iago. He is as real, as fathomless, and as dangerous as the lake of Gaube-or any if there be any other whose bottom lies 'deeper than did ever plummet sound'. And only the depth and immensity of his evil intelligence could have sufficed to make it clear that the difference between a nature like Othello's and a nature capable of jealousy is as wide as the difference between light and darkness. The sense of wounded love and honour which impels Othello to sacrifice Desdemona could neither be felt nor imagined by a man born liable to so mean a passion as jealousy. Mistrust and suspicion could not exist in a spirit susceptible of such fearful and noble agony as Othello's. To those who confuse his heroic and heartbroken resentment at the ruin of his honour and betrayal of his love with the cowardly infirmity of an evilminded egotist, it must follow that the conscious complacency of a consenting wittol would seem the natural quality of the ideal husband.

It would have been easy for the poet who chose for his subject the execution of Julius Caesar to assume the part of a Caesarist, and set before us Caius Cassius as a villain and Marcus Brutus as a murderer. It would have been no less easy for the author of 'King Lear' to have avoided the social question of luxury on this hand and misery on that which he saw fit to bring forward with such passionate might of pity, such ardent appeal to justice, such intense fervour of protest against the iniquity of inequality in the structure and organism of society. The dullest of dullards not perfected and perverted by culture must therefore be able to apprehend, if not competent to comprehend, the expressed rather than implied sympathies of the poet. But the tragic and romantic story of Coriolanus could only be treated, if not altogether from the patrician point of view which misguides the hero to his destruction, in such fashion as to leave that magnificent rebel and

ruthless enemy to his country the supreme figure of the tragedy. Shakespeare had here no choice. He could not but make the tribunes base and malignant. And he certainly has not glorified their opponents beyond the requisite measure of poetic equity and dramatic need. Volumnia's counsel to her son as to his conduct and demeanour towards the citizens whom she desires him to delude has too strong a savour of the villainy connoted by the very name of Bonaparte to be conceivable as other than the dramatic utterance of a policy more obviously hateful and contemptible to Shakespeare than even the rampant and raging malignity of the mob. That Volumnia should afterwards be transfigured by the call of circumstance into the likeness of a patriotic heroine is no more unnatural or less in keeping than that the rebellious passion of revenge which possesses her son as with the impetuous insanity of a demoniac should break at last and melt under the divinely dissolving effect of her superbly pathetic eloquence. The subtle superiority of high poetry to the very highest prose was never so convincingly and so conclusively shown as it now may be by the careful and studious collation, line by line, phrase by phrase, word by word, of Shakespeare's verse with the text of North's Plutarch. That

unsurpassed if not incomparable prose he has simply done into verse with unequalled precision of fidelity: the one point of distinction between them is just an occasional touch of additional beauty or power or music or life of expression which no reader could have imagined possible to any poet. To have improved on such a model, to have bettered such an example, has never and could never have been possible to any hand but Shakespeare's.

The scheme of Shakespeare's third and last Roman play is so vast as to put it out of comparison with the others: the scene leaps and flies about with the trackless impulse of lightning from Africa to Europe and back, after a flash into Asia by the way: the number of its changes is as difficult to keep count of as the number of the characters involved. And there is no work of Shakespeare's more faultlessly harmonious in the final simplicity of its impression. The immense and living variety of subordinate figures throws only into fuller and more vivid relief the two which command them all. The simplest of dramatic structures is not more absolute in singleness of underlying aim and perfection of ultimate effect. This is the greatest love-poem of all time. Romeo and Juliet seem but a couple of casual young amorists 'troubled with the

green-sickness' if confronted with the sovereign pair who have 'the varying shore of the world' for background to their passion and platform for their action. The five fulsome acts of Dryden's drivel over the story of Antony and Cleopatra deal with nothing and make no pretence to deal with anything but mere sensual sentiment: and Shakespeare could put more of physical passion as well as of spiritual fervour into as many lines, into as many words, than all the soft erotic eloquence of his audacious competitor could command. At the close of Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra' the sense of superhuman humanity in the hand which has worked this miracle seems at once to suggest and to suppress all imaginable attempt at thanksgiving for a gift beyond all imaginable aspiration of hope.

The very utmost power of that hand was put forth in the leading Shakespearean passages of the two tragic plays which were left at his death to be finished for the stage or completed for the study by other hands than Shakespeare's. The sublime and enigmatic fragment of a poem which rises from the social satire of an observant cynic into the raging rapture of an infuriated prophet was evidently patched and stitched up by some nobody whom no one need wish to identify as

anybody. 'Timon of Athens', imperfect as a play, is hardly less imperfect as a poem. But no more plenary inspiration ever informed with everlasting life the utterance of human emotion than that which breathes in the resonance of each word uttered by the noble and terrible hermit whose hatred of humanity was neither the contemptible contempt of a diabolatrous ascetic nor the envious virulence of a satiated and sickened libertine, but the sublime if deadly intoxication of a wholly righteous and half divine resentment: the passion that scourges moneychangers out of the temple and protests against murderous hypocrisy in the last agony of death by fire.

The reader who cannot distinguish the hand of Shakespeare from the hand of Fletcher in the text of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' stands confessed as 'a monster of an ass—an ass without an ear'. That excellent phrase of Shakespeare's greatest critic, and England's greatest poet since the passing of Milton, might well have been reserved for the judicial dunces whose misfortune in being born blind and deaf is topped and capped by their crowning misfortune of having not been also born dumb. It is permissible and natural to conjecture that Shakespeare, after having been moved in spirit to pour out all his

wealth of stormy harmonies, to put forth all his might and majesty of passion, in the lightnings and thunders of the godlike wrath of Timon, may have resigned the project of beating out into the shape of a finished poem or building up into the structure of a perfect play a scheme so singular and so lurid in the magnificence of its suggestion, the monochrome of its colour, the monotone of its music. It is impossible for any eye or ear not sealed at birth against all sense of style, all perception of poetry, not to see and hear when Shakespeare ends and Fletcher begins, when Fletcher ends and Shakespeare begins again, in the tragedy based on the poem reared by Chaucer on a foundation supplied by Boccaccio. Four such names were surely never brought together for the composition of a single masterpiece: but it is as certain and as evident that Fletcher's part was built on Shakespeare's as that Shakespeare's work was founded on Chaucer's and Chaucer's on Boccaccio's. The matchless beauty of the opening, with the unmistakable music and the intimate love of homely countryside flowers which would suffice to declare the author of the bridal song, is followed up by such natural and divine profusion of pathetic and heroic poetry as all the sweet and spontaneous effluence of Fletcher's can but serve to set off by contrast. Nothing can explain the incompletion of this great romantic tragedy but the death of Shakespeare while still at work on it; the death of Shakespeare at the age of fifty-three.

It is as hopeless to hope as it would be arrogant to assume that any tribute of praise or thanksgiving can glorify with any further glory the name that is above every other for variety in supremacy of powers and unity in diversity of genius. Of poetry pure and simple, imaginative and sublime, there is no master who has left us more: of humour there is no master who has left us as much of so high a quality and so deep an insight: of women as of men there is no poet who has created so many so surely endowed with everlasting life. All that can be known of manhood, of womanhood, and of childhood, he knew better than any other man ever born. It is not only the crowning glory of England, it is the crowning glory of mankind, that such a man should ever have been born as William Shake-The property and the same and the state of speare.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

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BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

ON THE SPECIAL FEATURES, TYPOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER, OF THIS EDITION

This pocket edition of Shakespeare is especially designed for those who love to read his works in the

open air.

It is a singular fact in regard to the king of dramatists that, although his representations of life were written to be acted, the most delightful way of enjoying them is not to see them on the stage—where, too often, the obtrusive personality of the actor blurs or is mingled with Shakespeare's own vision of the character—nor even to study them in the closet, but to read them in the open air, along the banks of a river—the Avon, say, or the Ouse, or the Upper Thames—or under the wavering shadows of English trees, with the music of the summer birds and the distant bleat of the sheep lending an accompaniment to the music of the poet's verse.

As I have pointed out elsewhere, we see constantly that while Shakespeare was toiling in London there was, beneath the consciousness of whatsoever he was working upon, the mirror of youthful memory. This mirror was bright with the shimmer of Avon as it wound through the meadows he loved-meadows coloured with the tints of the Warwickshire flowers. Whenever

he was in need of a poetical image to illustrate a passage, he had only to look down into this mirror, and there was the picture he wanted.

I will give an instance out of many that come to my mind of Shakespeare's use of this magic mirror. When he wants an adjective that shall express in one word all

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the charm of the violet, he has only to look down into this mirror to find it.

> Violets dim, But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes Or Cytherea's breath.

In the Avon-side meadows, the dimmer the violet

the more exquisite is the perfume.

Shakespeare, I think, stands alone among poets as a painter of woodlands, meadows, wild flowers, &c. He alone can make us see and smell them. This being so, an open-air edition of his works will be welcomed by the special kind of reader who

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

And the requisites of such an edition, what are they? Of course the first of all requisites is that the volumes can be carried about in the pocket, and are vet so clearly printed that they can be read with ease and pleasure. Another desideratum is that the appearance of the little pages should be as inviting as possible. For in such a situation the reader does not want to feel that he is in any way studying Shakespeare—he wants to revel in poetry as luxuriously as possible. In the open air, indeed, all poetry should seem to be the outpouring of Natura Benigna herself. Therefore it must not seem to be written at all; it must pass into the reader's soul with no more suggestion of printer's ink than the hymn of the skylark overhead, the chorus of the blackbirds and the thrushes in the hedgerows and spinneys. the merry chirrup of the reed-sparrows in the rushes in the river, the call of the corncrakes in the long grass.

As to the typographical novelties of the edition, the first feature to strike the reader is that the stage directions, instead of being printed in italics in the usual way, are printed in small roman characters. Before explaining in what way this departure from the familiar custom of printing Shakespeare's texts meets the requisites of an open-air Shakespeare, let it be asked whether there is anything in the world so ugly and so

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inartistic as a picture of any kind in which, as in an ordinary page of a play, oblique and perpendicular lines jostle. Of course the reason why this method has been hitherto almost universally adopted in England is the wish, on the printer's part, to mark off as sharply as possible the dialogue from the stage directions. But there is no need whatever for this. The reader, on looking at these pages, will see that the demarcation between dialogue and stage directions can be just as effectively shown by using roman letters of a smaller size than that used for the dialogue as by italics. Indeed, it may actually make the artistic appearance of a dramatic page look not only as inviting as the page of a narrative (where the whole of the letters are uniform), but even more inviting and more beautiful. No doubt the ugliness of the ordinary dramatic page printed with a mingling of roman and italic types is not so vexing when the reader is in his study as it is when the reader is reading in the open air. In the study he is in a studious state of mind, very different from the luxurious temper created by the beauty and the harmony of an English landscape. But when reading in the open air, under the shadow of a spreading oak or elm, he is in a different world. He has passed into the enjoying mood before mentioned. And this is not all: the sunlight filtering through the leaves upon the page is apt to dazzle and vex the eyes by accentuating the lack of harmony between perpendicular and oblique lines. Anyhow, in such a situation the reading of a dramatic page printed with a mingling of roman and italic letters becomes peculiarly irksome.

But the reader will observe that putting the whole page in roman characters is not the only typographical departure that will be found in the printing of this edition of Shakespeare. Small as the pages are, the names of the characters are all printed in full. Let it be said, however, that the reason for adopting this method should apply not to an open-air edition of Shakespeare only, but to all editions.

A play, no doubt, as Aristotle declared, is meant to

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be read as well as to be seen. But it is the indubitable fact, as Sir Leslie Stephen remarked, that owing to the demands of its structure a play is much less inviting to read than any other form of imaginative literature. There is no sense of effort in reading a narrative poem or in reading a novel, and yet it is a fact, as the novels of Scott and Dumas especially show, that the more the dramatic action is carried on by dialogue, the more vivid it is, the more pleasing it is to the general reader. This may be seen by watching one of those novelreaders who practise the art of skipping. What such a reader skips is the descriptive part, not a word of the dialogue does he or she leave unread. From this it is obvious that the reason why plays-which are of necessity composed of dialogue and stage directionsare not only more uninviting, but more difficult reading, than narratives either in prose or verse, has a good deal to do with the actual typography. Is it fanciful to suppose that it is partly caused by the names of the speakers being abbreviated? A name printed in full is an image, an abbreviation is merely a symbol. A great poet never forgets that 'words are things'. Whenever he wishes to intensify as far as possible a certain image in the reader's mind, whether it be the name of a character such as that of Saunders in the fine old ballad of 'Clerk Saunders', or the name of an object, such as that of the sun or the sea in The Ancient Mariner, so far from shrinking from the repetition of a name, as minor poets do, in his desire to give incarnate form to the verbal image an instinct leads him to seek what is called tautology.

Is there ony roome at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony roome at your feet?
Or ony roome at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?

And in the same way Coleridge, in *The Ancient Mariner*, when he wished to give special vividness to the picture of the setting sun shining through a phantom in the form of a skeleton ship, repeats the word 'sun' five

times in twelve lines. The reader's mental image of a character, especially of a minor character in a play, by seeing it iterated and reiterated in full, is intensified. If the name 'Caliban' is in every case printed in full, as it is in this edition, the mere name after a while forms an actual image or picture on the brain of the reader; not so vivid, to be sure, as if an actor personated Caliban, but most likely a great deal more true to the picture as it existed in Shakespeare's own mind. So far from the iteration of the name wearying the mind of the reader, it actually aids in the illusion.

But I have now to turn to a more important subject. that of the late Mr. Craig's incomparable text—the text par excellence, as I think, for an open-air Shakespeare. To dispense with all footnotes, and furnish an ideal eclectic text, as he has done, is a much more daring, a much more responsible undertaking than to adopt an established text, and when doubtful readings turn up elucidate them by footnote references to other readings, as Knight does in his various editions based on the First Folio, and as is also done by those other editors whose texts are based on Steevens and Malone. To give the reader no intimation of the conflicting readings of certain passages with which Shakespearean students are so familiar, to leave the reader to accept the readings offered to him by the editor's text as being final and unchallenged, is to undertake a heavy responsibility, even though the edition be like this, especially intended for the luxury of open-air reading. Mr. Craig was not only able to reap all the advantages to be got from the latest scholarship, but he was in many ways one of the most thoroughly equipped Shakespearean students of our time or of any other time. In a word, he was a man whose Shakespearean criticism, as shown by his text,

really seems to be illuminated by the light of genius.

I have appended to this little essay the words in which he introduces the subject of the Oxford text.

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MR. CRAIG'S PREFACE TO THE OXFORD TEXT

There is no proof that Shakespeare personally superintended the printing of any of his plays. Although fifteen came separately from the press in small quarto volumes during his lifetime, many, if not all, of these were published without the consent or supervision of the author from copies often surreptitiously obtained from the playhouse. At the time of Shakespeare's death, in 1616, no less than twenty-two plays remained in manuscript. Six years later, in 1622, one of these, Othello, was issued to the public in quarto. It was not until 1623 that Shakespeare's actor friends, John Heminge and Henry Condell, brought together the previously printed and unprinted dramas of which they knew him to be the author, and published them in a folio volume in order 'to keep' (as they wrote) 'the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive'. Thirty-six plays were thus claimed for Shakespeare. A thirty-seventh, Pericles, was first printed separately in quarto in 1630, and was only added to the collection in the third impression of the folio, which appeared in 1664.

The text alike of the first folio and the quartos was doubtless supplied by playhouse copies which often embodied the ill-conditioned interpolations and alterations of actors and theatrical managers. As a rule the editors of 1623 followed where they could the text of the quartos, but in a few cases they unwisely had recourse to less correct copies. Moreover, the printers of both Elizabeth's and James I's reigns were very liable to typographical error, and they introduced much that is unintelligible into the original editions of Shakespeare's works. But in the absence of Shakespeare's manuscripts, the seventeen early quartos and the folio of 1623 jointly present, despite defect of copyist and printer, the sole authorized version of the Shakespearean text.

From that version I have only ventured to deviate where it seemed to me that the carelessness of either copyist or printer deprived a word or sentence wholly of meaning. Editors of Shakespeare have sometimes denounced as corrupt and have partially altered passages which owe their difficulty of interpretation to the presence of some word or phrase rare in Shakespeare's day and long since obsolete. It has been my endeavour to avoid this danger. I have only adopted a change after convincing myself that the characteristics of Shakespeare's vocabulary or literary style failed to justify the original reading.

For the uncertain orthography of the old editions I have substituted the recognized orthography of the present day. But metrical considerations occasionally render the retention of the older spelling necessary, and I have deemed it desirable to adhere to the older forms in the case of a few words which modern orthography has practically shaped anew. The punctuation has been thoroughly revised, and, to increase facilities of reference, I have numbered the lines at shorter intervals

than have been adopted hitherto.

In seeking to emend corrupt passages I have carefully considered the suggestions of my many predecessors, and from few of those who have already laboured in the field of textual criticism have I failed to derive some enlightenment. Of the older editors, Theobald, whose edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1733, and Capell, whose edition appeared in 1768, have proved most helpful. Among more modern editions I am chiefly indebted to the work of Delius, Dyce, and the Cambridge editors. A very few of the emendations which I have adopted are now introduced into the text for the first time. My thanks are due to my friend Mr. P. A. Daniel for many useful suggestions.

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THE TEMPEST



THE TEMPEST

INTRODUCTION

SHAKESPEARE'S fellows, Heminge and Condell, who brought forth the first collected edition of his dramas in 1623, did not trouble themselves concerning a chronological arrangement of the plays. In their folio, and in editions which follow it, we meet first with The Tempest, which is certainly one of its author's latest works, and possibly is the very last of all. Yet it serves excellently to introduce us to his realm of imagination, to a great magician and a world of enchantment. The Tempest, which appears for the first time in the Folio, has, in common with what is perhaps Shakespeare's earliest play, Love's Labour's Lost, the peculiarity that we cannot trace it to its source. The poet Collins gave a misleading clue when he spoke of having found the plot, or something resembling it, in a romance named Aurelia and Isabella. romance is known, but it has nothing in common with The Tempest. It has often been pointed out that some features of the German play Die schöne Sidea, by Jakob Ayrer, correspond with particulars found in this play by Shakespeare; there is, for example, a scene which has some resemblance to that in which Ferdinand toils at his task of log-bearing; English actors may have brought from Germany some record of Ayrer's play, but it can hardly be supposed that the German drama is the chief source of the English drama. Probably some lost romance inspired Shakespeare; and perhaps we have traces of such a romance in a Spanish tale by Antonio de Eslava, which forms part of a collection entitled Las noches de invierno ('Winter Nights') published at Madrid in 1609. Here there is a dispossessed king who is a kindly magician, who raises a palace amid the sea, and who has a daughter, Seraphina, for whom the magician-king provides a royal bridegroom. A tempest assists in the dénouement, and Sirens, Nereids, and Dryads are servants of the good

king Dardanus and his daughter.

These resemblances to the characters and action of Shakespeare's play have been brought together from a narrative which is in many respects unlike the story of The Tempest. We have no assurance that the Spanish tale has led us on the track to Shakespeare's source. What cannot be doubted is that certain records of Jacobean voyaging, published in the year 1610, supplied suggestions which the dramatist put to use with due discretion. Shakespeare's phrase, 'the still-vext Bermoothes', suggests that he was not forgetful of the voyage of Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, designed to convey colonists to the new settlement in Virginia, when the vessel of the commanders of the expedition was driven to the Bermudas, and 'fell in between two rockes, where she was fast lodged and locked for further budging'. This voyage was of the year 1609, and in 1610 were published several narratives of the adventure. Readers who would obtain detailed information about these and other pamphlets may find it in Mr. Luce's edition of The Tempest in The Arden Shakespeare. But Shakespeare's enchanted island is not near the Bermudas, and indeed the attempts to fix the locality and identify the island with anything discoverable in a map are idle. 'The reports brought home by the Virginian adventurers,' as Mr. Raleigh has said, 'set Shakespeare's imagination to work,' but his island of enchantment is an undiscovered isle in far-off seas, on which no Elizabethan or Jacobean adventurer ever set foot. It arose from the deep, anywhere or nowhere, at our great magician's fiat. The name of Caliban's dam, Setebos, is evidently formed from that of Settaboth, 'a divinity of

the Patagonians, described by Master Francis Fletcher in an account of Drake's great voyage,' and Caliban is no doubt an easy formation, by transposing the sounds and letters, from Cannibal. Other names—Ferdinand, Alonzo, Sebastian, Gonzalo, seem to have been suggested by Eden's History of Travaile, 1577. In Gonzalo's description of his imaginary socialistic commonwealth, Shakespeare makes use of a passage from Montaigne's essay, 'Of Canniballes.' The Essays of Montaigne had been published in the English translation of Florio in 1603. A copy of Florio's Montaigne, containing a questionable autograph signature of Shakespeare, is in the library of the British Museum.

The scene of The Tempest and the inhabitants of the island, whether in Atlantic waters or 'the Mediterranean flote' until it is invaded by the shipwrecked

The scene of The Tempest and the inhabitants of the island, whether in Atlantic waters or 'the Mediterranean flote', until it is invaded by the shipwrecked voyagers from the old world, are in a high degree ideal, and, as one may say, elemental. Around the island lie strange waters, now, when the seeming sea-nymphs dance with graceful mop and mow, fringed by its silver border of untumultuous foam, now, at the Master's command, lashed into fury for wise purposes of his own. The troubled waves arise at the potent word of the enchanter and subside to music as the burthen of spirit-voices steal over them. Even the mountain-heights of Wales, where the sons of Cymbeline dwell in their solitary cave or hail the morning sun, even the shepherd's cottage where Perdita tends her flowers, and the fields where shepherds and shepherdesses dance, are less remote from the ways and works of the mass of men than are the rocks and woodland abysses of the enchanted island. 'Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not' inhabit its solitudes. Here crouches the brute genius of the earth, and there soars the nimble spirit of the air.

Caliban, whom Browning and Renan received from the hands of Shakespeare and made their own, is half compounded from the old physical-psychological theory which made man consist of the four elements, and is half representative of the aboriginal savage as

seen or imagined by the Elizabethan voyagers. The duller elements that make up a human being were supposed to be earth and water. Caliban, as has often been said, is of the earth earthy, and while he has all man's grosser passions and something of man's lower intelligence, he lacks every moral quality which ennobles humanity. And yet Shakespeare has granted Caliban a certain feeling for beauty. He is slothful, lustful, malicious, yet he has a strange undeveloped consciousness of the higher world that surrounds him. As Hazlitt admirably said, the nature of the monster 'is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of Nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom . . . It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it, answering to its wants and origin.' But Hazlitt has missed the fact that in Caliban there is also something of the seabeast, crawled forth to sun himself. And at the same time by his parentage he is half-human and halfdiabolical.

At the other extreme of being, Ariel speeds upon the wind, and is no less ideal or elemental. He is of the air, but can at will flame as fire upon the mast-head. Bondage even to Prospero is opposed to his nature, but he will seek for freedom by service, as Caliban will seek it by revolt. He is too little human to feel the sorrows of humanity aright; the sense of pity is rather seen by him for a moment than experienced; yet he would ally himself instinctively with what is delicate and pure in manhood, and is repelled by all that is gross. It must be confessed that the stage does wrong to the imagination when it presents an Ariel, and perhaps hardly less when it presents a Caliban. In Restoration days Pepys saw The Tempest acted, and thought it 'good above ordinary plays'; but this was Dryden's version, which had been sufficiently materialized and

debased. When Leigh Hunt praises Miss Meadows, who acted the part of Ariel to Kemble's Prospero, he has to add the qualifying words, that admit a 'look of corporeality, which an actress, however light her motions may be, cannot avoid in the representation of a being who is air itself.'

Between Caliban on the one hand and Ariel on the other stand the 'human mortals', Prospero and Miranda. And the heroine of The Tempest is compounded of such fine and delicate elements that she almost needs the airy spirit beside her to prove that she is a creature of our earth. 'Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite [Ariel],' wrote Anna Jameson, 'this creature of elemental light and air, that "ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived", Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman "breathing thoughtful breath", a woman walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.' Yes; but compare Miranda with any other of Shakespeare's creations of womanhood, and she will appear more like an abstract of the finest elements of her sex than any Beatrice or Portia or Helena of them all. The artless confession of her love for Ferdinand shows how little her nature has been overlaid with convention; what was in her heart is, with entire simplicity and innocence, straightway upon her lips.

Prospero is the Providence of the action of the play; he knows all, foresees all, overrules all, conducts all the events to the desired issue. He has learnt in his long seclusion upon the island a certain detachment from personal greeds and ambitions, yet he has the fullest sense of human duty, and a tender care in superintending all that is needed for the happiness of her whom he best loves. He has still the human infirmity of some intellectual impatience, but he has attained the heights of moral wisdom, and his charity is equal to his wisdom. He is capable of indignation at baseness; but for the contrite his mercy flows forth. On the one

hand, like a more learned Bacon, he controls the forces of nature; on the other, he is mature in all the learning of the soul. Are we to suppose that Shakespeare is here idealizing—for a court representation of the play—the royal successor of Queen Elizabeth? Or shall we indulge in the beautiful fancy of the poet Campbell, that, when Prospero forsakes his magic, Shakespeare was thinking, in this perhaps the last of his plays, of his own withdrawal from the magic world of the stage?

The majority of critics date The Tempest, which has

all the characteristics of Shakespeare's latest group of plays, the romance-like Cymbeline, Winter's Tale, and the Marina part of Pericles, 1611, the year following the appearance of those voyagers' pamphlets which gave some suggestions for the drama. Malone declared that there was decisive evidence for this date, and it seems that a forged document, founded upon a lost document that was genuine, supports Malone's contention. This is probably the truth as to its chronology. Dr. Simon Forman, in his diary, mentions a performance of The Winter's Tale on May 15, 1611. The Tempest in date lies near The Winter's Tale. But it was very ingeniously argued by Richard Garnett, that this play, written with its hymeneal mask, perhaps to grace some distinguished wedding, was in fact produced for the first time in 1613, on the occasion of the marriage of King James I's daughter to the Elector Palatine. The Tempest seems to be alluded to by Jonson in his Bartholomew Fair of 1614. its unity of scene, its introduction of masks, suggest, in Garnett's view, a court representation which was private. The recent death of the king's son, he supposes, is gently touched on by means of the supposed death of Ferdinand, and is turned to something far from sorrow in the celebration of James's receiving by marriage a son to fill Prince Henry's place. Prospero himself, according to Garnett's theory, is an idealized King James. We do not question the great ingenuity with which the conjecture is worked out; but we remain unconvinced.

It should be noted that the action of this play is com-

prised within three hours. In the Winter's Tale, which lies near it in point of date, the action extends over many years. It was as if Shakespeare asserted his freedom to be regular or irregular as regards the classical custom

of unity of time.

The rehandling of Shakespeare's play by Davenant and Dryden is only of interest as showing to what depths of degradation poetry had sunk in 1669. As a counterpart to Miranda, 'a man who had never seen a woman' is introduced. A poem divinely pure as it came from Shakespeare's hands is dishonoured and befouled with Restoration obscenity.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, King of Naples. SEBASTIAN, his Brother. PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan. ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan. FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor. ADRIAN, FRANCISCO. CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave. TRINCULO, a Jester. STEPHANO, a drunken Butler. Master of a Ship. Boatswain. Mariners. MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero. ARIEL, an airy Spirit. IRIS. CERES. presented by Spirits. Juno. Nymphs,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

Reapers.

SCENE.—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.

THE TEMPEST

ACT I. SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain severally.

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN. Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. 4 [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

BOATSWAIN. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

ALONSO. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN. I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO. Where is the master, boson?

BOATSWAIN. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN. When the sea is. Hence! What cares

these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say.

GONZALO. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Excunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

BOATSWAIN. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blas-

phemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN. Work you, then.

ANTONIO. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

BOATSWAIN. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two

courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all MARINERS.

BOATSWAIN. What, must our mouths be cold? 54 The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them.

For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN. I am out of patience.
ANTONIO. We are merely cheated of our lives by
drunkards.—

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

GONZALO. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within,—

'Mercy on us!'—

'We split, we split!'—' Farewell, my wife and children!'—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!'—]
ANTONIO. Let 's all sink wi' the king. [Exit.
SEBASTIAN. Let 's take leave of him. [Exit.

GONZALO. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Island: before the Cell of Prospero. Enter Prospero and Miranda.

MIRANDA. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO.

Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done.

order rolethon shape

MIRANDA. O, woe the day! PROSPERO. No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee,— Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!—who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am: nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell. And thy no greater father. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts. 'Tis time PROSPERO. I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So: 24 Mail and the Lays down his mantle. Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there is no soul— No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down: 32 For thou must now know further. You have often MIRANDA. Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd. And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding, 'Stay; not yet.' The hour's now come. 36 PROSPERO. The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember A time before we came unto this cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not Out three years old. Certainly, sir, I can. MIRANDA. PROSPERO. By what? by any other house or person? Of anything the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance. The state of the state of the 'Tis far off: MIRANDA.

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once that tended me? PROSPERO. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here, How thou cam'st here, thou may'st. But that I do not. '52 MIRANDA. PROSPERO. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year Thy father was the Duke of Milan and A prince of power. Sir, are not you my father? PROSPERO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and 56 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir A princess,—no worse issued. O, the heavens! What foul play had we that we came from thence? 60 Or blessed was 't we did? PROSPERO. Both, both, my girl: By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence: But blessedly holp hither. O! my heart bleeds MIRANDA. To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, further.
PROSPERO. My brother and thy uncle, call'd An-I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself, Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put The manage of my state; as at that time Through all the signiories it was the first, And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed In dignity, and for the liberal arts, Without a parallel: those being all my study, The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported

76
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncleDost thou attend me?

MIRANDA. Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO. Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them, who t'advance, and who 80 To trash for over-topping; new created The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em. Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not. MIRANDA. O, good sir! I do.

I pray thee, mark me. 88 PROSPERO. I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To closeness and the bettering of my mind With that, which, but by being so retir'd,

O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother

Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed no limit, A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact,—like one, Who having, into truth, by telling of it,

Made such a sinner of his memory,

To credit his own lie,—he did believe

He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution, And executing th' outward face of royalty, 104

With all prerogative: - Hence his ambition growing, -

Dost thou hear?

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness. MIRANDA. PROSPERO. To have no screen between this part he

play'd Play'd And him he play'd it for, he needs will be Absolute Milan. Me, poor man,—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,—
So dry he was for sway,—wi' the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;

Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA.

O the heavens!

PROSPERO. Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother. MIRANDA. I should sin To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons. PROSPERO. Now the condition. 120
This King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit; Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises Of homage and I know not how much tribute, 124 Should presently extirpate me and mine Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan, With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
128 Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence Me and thy crying self. MIRANDA. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't. Hear a little further, PROSPERO. And then I'll bring thee to the present business which now's upon us; without the which this story Were most impertinent. MIRANDA. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
PROSPERO. Well demanded, wench: My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst 140 not. So dear the love my people bore me, nor set A mark so bloody on the business; but With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,

Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us, 248 To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh To the winds whose pity, sighing back again, Did us but loving wrong. Alack! what trouble MIRANDA. Was I then to you! O. a cherubin Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile, Infused with a fortitude from heaven. When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt, Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me An undergoing stomach, to bear up Against what should ensue. How came we ashore? MIRANDA. PROSPERO. By Providence divine. Some food we had and some fresh water that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, Out of his charity,—who being then appointed Master of this design,—did give us; with Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries, Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness. Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me, From mine own library with volumes that I prize above my dukedom. Would I might MIRANDA. But ever see that man! Now I arise :- [Resumes his mantle. PROSPERO. Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. Here in this island we arriv'd; and here Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit 172 Than other princes can, that have more time For vainer hours and tutors not so careful. MIRANDA. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,-For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason

For raising this sea-storm?

Know thus far forth. PROSPERO. By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune, Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies Brought to this shore; and by my prescience I find my zenith doth depend upon A most auspicious star, whose influence If now I court not but omit, my fortunes Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions; 184 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness, And give it way: -I know thou canst not choose.-[MIRANDA sleeps. Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now. Approach, my Ariel; come! Enter ARIEL. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! ARIEL. come To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task Ariel and all his quality. PROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit, Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee? ARIEL. To every article. I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak, Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide And burn in many places; on the topmast, The yards, and boresprit, would I flame distinctly, Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his dread trident shake. My brave spirit! PROSPERO. Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil Would not infect his reason? Not a soul ARIEL.

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners. Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel. Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand, 212 With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair.— Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty, And all the devils are here. PROSPERO. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore? ARIEL. Close by, my master. 216 PROSPERO. But are they, Ariel, safe? Not a hair perish'd; ARIEL. On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me, In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle. The king's son have I landed by himself; Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs In an odd angle of the isle and sitting, His arms in this sad knot. PROSPERO. Of the king's ship 224 The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd, And all the rest o' the fleet. Safely in harbour ARIEL. Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew From the still-vex'd Bermoothes: there she's hid: The mariners all under hatches stow'd: Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour, I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet 232 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again, And are upon the Mediterranean flote, Bound sadly home for Naples, Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd, 236 And his great person perish. PROSPERO. Ariel, thy charge Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work: What is the time o' th' day? Past the mid season. ARIEL. PROSPERO. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARIEL. Ay, sir.

ARIEL. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains. Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, Which is not yet perform'd me. How now! moody? 244 PROSPERO. What is't thou canst demand? My liberty. ARIEL. PROSPERO. Before the time be out! no more! I prithee ARIEL. Remember, I have done thee worthy service; Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise To bate me a full year. PROSPERO. Dost thou forg From what a torment I did free thee? Dost thou forget PROSPERO. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze Of the salt deep, To run upon the sharp wind of the north, To do me business in the veins o' th' earth When it is bak'd with frost. I do not, sir. ARIEL. PROSPERO. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her? ARIEL. No, sir. Thou hast. Where was she born? PROSPERO. speak; tell me. ARIEL. Sir, in Argier. O! was she so? I must, Once in a month, recount what thou hast been, Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax, For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible To enter human hearing, from Argier, Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did They would not take her life. Is not this true?

PROSPERO. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant: And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands, Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee, By help of her more potent ministers, And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,— Save for the son that she did litter here, A freckled whelp hag-born,—not honour'd with A human shape.

ARIEL. Yes; Caliban her son. 284 PROSPERO. Dull thing, I say so; he that Caliban, Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st What torment I did find thee in; thy groans Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts 288 Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax Could not again undo; it was mine art, When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape 292 The pine, and let thee out. I thank thee, master. PROSPERO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an And peg thee in his knotty entrails till Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters. ARIEL. Pardon, master; 296
I will be correspondent to command, And do my spiriting gently.

PROSPERO. Do so; and after two days I will discharge thee.

ARIEL. That 's my noble master! What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

PROSPERO. Go make thyself like a nymph of the

cramps,

sea: be subject

To no sight but thine and mine; invisible

To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,

And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence! 304 fExit ARIEL. Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake! MIRANDA. [Waking.] The strangeness of your story put Heaviness in me. PROSPERO. Shake it off. Come on; We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA.

'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on. PROSPERO. But, as 'tis, We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! speak. CALIBAN. [Within.] There's wood enough within. PROSPERO. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee: Come, thou tortoise! when? Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph. Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel, Hark in thine ear. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit. ARIEL. PROSPERO. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban. CALIBAN. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd With raven's feather from unwholesome fen Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye, And blister you all o'er! PROSPERO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins Shall forth at vast of night, that they may work All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd 328 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging Than bees that made them.

CALIBAN. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first, 332
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst

give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee 336
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

340
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO. Thou most lying slave, 344 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate The honour of my child.

CALIBAN. Oh ho! Oh ho!—would it had been done! Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO. Abhorred slave,

Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like 356
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good

natures

376

380

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou Deservedly confin'd into this rock,

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

CALIBAN. You taught me language; and my profit on 't

Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you, 364

For learning me your language!

PROSPERO. Hag-seed, hence
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN.

[Aside.] I must obey: his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands:

Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,-

The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

[Burden: Bow, wow, dispersedly.

The watch-dogs bark:

[Burden: Bow, wow, dispersedly.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticleer 384 [Cry. Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND. Where should this music be? i'th' air, or th' earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,—
Or it hath drawn me rather,—but 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

388

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[Burden: ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such; this gallant which thou see'st,
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief,—that beauty's canker,—thou might'st
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO. [Aside.] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND. Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give How I may bear me here: my prime request, Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA. No wonder, sir;

424

But certainly a maid.

I am the best of them that speak this speech, Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO. How! the best?

What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee? 428 FERDINAND. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me; And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples, Who with mine eyes,—ne'er since at ebb,—beheld 432 The king, my father wrack'd.

MIRANDA. Alack, for mercy!
FERDINAND. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke
of Milan.

And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO. [Aside.] The Duke of Milan, And his more braver daughter could control thee, 436 If now 'twere fit to do 't.—At the first sight [Aside.] They have changed eyes:—delicate Ariel, I'll set thee free for this!—[To Ferdinand] A word, good

sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word. 440

MIRANDA. [Aside.] Whyspeaks my father soungently?
This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father Production To be inclin'd my way!

FERDINAND. [Aside.] O! if a virgin, And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO. Soft, sir: one word more—

[Aside.] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning Make the prize light .- [To FERDINAND] One word more: I charge thee That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself Upon this island as a spy, to win it From me, the lord on 't. FERDINAND. No. as I am a man. MIRANDA. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple: If the ill spirit have so fair a house. Good things will strive to dwell with 't. PROSPERO. [To FERDINAND] Follow me.-[To Miranda] Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. [To Ferdinand] Come: I'll manacle thy neck and feet together: Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks 460 Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow. FERDINAND. I will resist such entertainment till Mine enemy has more power. [He draws, and is charmed from moving. O dear father! MIRANDA. Make not too rash a trial of him, for He's gentle, and not fearful. What! I sav. PROSPERO. My foot my tutor ?—Put thy sword up, traitor; Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward. For I can here disarm thee with this stick And make thy weapon drop. Beseech you, father! MIRANDA. PROSPERO. Hence! hang not on my garments. Sir, have pity: MIRANDA. I'll be his surety. Silence! one word more PROSPERO.

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What! An advocate for an impostor? hush! Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he.

PROSPERO. for him.

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench! 476 To the most of men this is a Caliban And they to him are angels. My affections MIRANDA. Are then most humble; I have no ambition To see a goodlier man. PROSPERO. [To FERDINAND] Come on; obey: 480 Thy nerves are in their infancy again, And have no vigour in them. So they are: FERDINAND. My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up. My father's loss, the weakness which I feel, The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats, To whom I am subdued, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth 488 Let liberty make use of; space enough Have I in such a prison PROSPERO [Aside.] Itworks.—[To Ferdinand] Comeon.— Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To FERDINAND] Follow me.-49I [To Ariel.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me. Be of comfort: MIRANDA. My father's of a better nature, sir, Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted, Which now came from him. Thou shalt be as free PROSPERO. As mountain winds; but then exactly do 496 All points of my command. ARIEL. To the syllable.

[To FERDINAND] Come, follow.—Speak not

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I .- Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

GONZALO. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause.

So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO. Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN. He receives comfort like cold porridge. ANTONIO. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

GONZALO. Sir,-

SEBASTIAN. One: tell.

GONZALO. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer— SERASTIAN. A dollar.

GONZALO. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN. You have taken it wiselier than I meant

you should.

GONZALO. Therefore, my lord,—

ANTONIO. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO. I prithee, spare.

GONZALO. Well, I have done: but yet-

SEBASTIAN. He will be talking. 27
ANTONIO. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Done. The wager?

ANTONIO.

SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN. The old cock.

ANTONIO. A laughter.

The cockerel.

A match!

32

ADRIAN. Though this island seem to be desert,-Ha, ha, ha! So you 're paid. SEBASTIAN. ADRIAN. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, Yet— SEBASTIAN. ADRIAN. Yet— ANTONIO. He could not miss it. ADRIAN. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance. ANTONIO. Temperance was a delicate wench. SEBASTIAN. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly. ADRIAN. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones. SEBASTIAN. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen. ANTONIO. Here is everything advantageous to life. GONZALO. True: save means to live. ANTONIO. SEBASTIAN. Of that there 's none, or little. GONZALO. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green! 53 The ground indeed is tawny. ANTONIO. With an eye of green in 't. SEBASTIAN. He misses not much. ANTONIO. 56 No; he doth but mistake the truth SEBASTIAN. totally. GONZALO. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,-SEBASTIAN. As many vouch'd rarities are. GONZALO. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water. ANTONIO. . If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report. GONZALO. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh

as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis. SEBASTIAN. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADRIAN. Tunis was never graced before with such a

paragon to their queen.

GONZALO. Not since widow Dido's time. ANTONIO. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

What if he had said, widower Æneas SEBASTIAN. too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN. Carthage?

84 GONZALO. I assure you, Carthage.
ANTONIO. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEBASTIAN. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too. ANTONIO. What impossible matter will he make easy

next? SEBASTIAN. I think he will carry this island home in

his pocket, and give it his son for an apple. ANTONIO. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

ALONSO. Av?

ANTONIO. Why, in good time.

GONZALO. [To Alonso] Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido. SEBASTIAN. 100 ANTONIO. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO. That sort was well fish'd for. GONZALO. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-

riage?

ALONSO. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

SH. I

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee? Sir. he may live: FRANCISCO. I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs: he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt He came alive to land. No, no; he's gone. SEBASTIAN. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss. That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African; Where she at least is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't. Prithee, peace. ALONSO. SEBASTIAN. You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise By all of us; and the fair soul herself Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's Your own. ALONSO. So is the dearest of the loss. GONZALO. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness And time to speak it in; you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster. SEBASTIAN. Very well. ANTONIO. And most chirurgeonly.

It is foul weather in us all, good sir. GONZALO. When you are cloudy. Foul weather? SEBASTIAN. Very foul. ANTONIO. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, GONZALO. He'd sow't with nettle-seed. ANTONIO. Or docks, or mallows. 145 SEBASTIAN. GONZALO. And were the king on 't, what would I do? 'Scape being drunk for want of wine. SEBASTIAN. GONZALO. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure: 156 No sovereignty,-SEBASTIAN. Yet he would be king on 't. The latter end of his commonwealth for-ANTONIO. gets the beginning. GONZALO. All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have: but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, 164 To feed my innocent people. SEBASTIAN. No marrying 'mong his subjects? ANTONIO. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves. I would with such perfection govern, sir, GONZALO. To excel the golden age. Save his majesty! SEBASTIAN. Long live Gonzalo! ANTONIO. And,—do you mark me, sir? GONZALO. ALONSO. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me. GONZALO. I do well believe your highness; and did

it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GONZALO. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you; so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

ANTONIO. What a blow was there given! SEBASTIAN. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

SEBASTIAN. We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.

ANTONIO. Nay, good my lord, be not angry. GONZALO. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANTONIO. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio. ALONSO. What! all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find

SEBASTIAN. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth

It is a comforter. ANTONIO. We two, my lord,

They are inclin'd to do so.

Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Thank you. Wondrous heavy. ALONSO. [Alonso sleeps. Exit ARIEL.

SEBASTIAN. What a strange drowsiness possesses

It is the quality o' the climate.

SEBASTIAN. Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Nor I: my spirits are nimble. ANTONIO.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? O! what might?—No more:— And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou should'st be. The occasion speaks thee; and My strong imagination sees a crown 2009 Dropping upon thy head. What! art thou waking? ANTONIO. Do you not hear me speak? SEBASTIAN. I do; and surely, It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st 212 I do: and surely. Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO.

Noble Sebastian, 216 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st Whiles thou art waking. Thou dost snore distinctly: SEBASTIAN. There's meaning in thy snores. ANTONIO. I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do Trebles thee o'er. SEBASTIAN. Well; I am standing water. ANTONIO. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN. Do so: to ebb, Hereditary sloth instructs me. ANTONIO. If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run By their own fear or sloth. SEBASTIAN. Prithee, say on: The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth indeed Which throes thee much to yield. Thus, sir: 232 ANTONIO. Although this lord of weak remembrance, this Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,— For he's a spirit of persuasion, only Professes to persuade,—the king, his son's alive, 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd As he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

O! out of that 'no hope,' ANTONIO. What great hope have you! no hope that way is Another way so high a hope that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me That Ferdinand is drown'd?

He's gone. SEBASTIAN.

Then tell me 245 ANTONIO.

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Claribel. SEBASTIAN.

ANTONIO. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples Can have no note, unless the sun were post— The man i' th' moon's too slow—till new-born chins Be rough and razorable: she that, from whom? We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again, 252 And by that destiny to perform an act Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN. What stuff is this !—How say you? 'Tis true my brother's daughter 's Queen of Tunis; 256 So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions

There is some space.

ANTONIO. A space whose every cubit Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples ?- Keep in Tunis, 260 And let Sebastian wake! '-Say, this were death That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate 264 As amply and unnecessarily As this Gonzalo: I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this 268 For your advancement! Do you understand me? SEBASTIAN. Methinks I do. And how does your content ANTONIO. Tender your own good fortune? I remember You did supplant your brother Prospero. ANTONIO. And look how well my garments sit upon me; Much feater than before; my brother's servants Were then my fellows; now they are my men. SEBASTIAN. But, for your conscience,— ANTONIO. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they. 280 And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother, No better than the earth he lies upon. If he were that which now he's like, that's dead; Whom I, with this obedient steel,—three inches of it,-Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus, 285 To the perpetual wink for aye might put This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, 288 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk; They'll tell the clock to any business that We say befits the hour. Thy case, dear friend, SEBASTIAN. Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan, 292 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st, And I the king shall love thee. Antonio. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like, 296

To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN. O! but one word.

[They converse apart.

Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

ARIEL. My master through his art foresees the danger That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—

304

For else his project dies—to keep thee living. 300 [Sings in GONZALO'S ear.

While you here do snoring lie, Open-ey'd Conspiracy His time doth take.

His time doth take. If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Awake: awake:

ANTONIO. Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO. Now, good angels Preserve the king! [They wake.

ALONSO. Why, how now! ho, awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO. What's the matter? SEBASTIAN. Whiles we stood here securing your repose.

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you? It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO. I heard nothing.

ANTONIO. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO. Heard you this, Gonzalo? GONZALO. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, And that a strange one too, which did awake me. I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd, 320 I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise, That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard, Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search

For my poor son.

GONZALO. Heavens keep him from these beasts! For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALONSO. Lead away.

Exit with the others,

ARIEL. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.

Scene II .- Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

CALIBAN. All the infections that the sun sucks up From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i'the mire, Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues Do hiss me into madness.—

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo now! lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;

Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,—as once I was,—and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [Thunder.] Alas, the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaber-dine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

STEPHANO. I shall no more to sea, to sea, Here shall I die a-shore:-

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I, 45 The gunner and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch: Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang. 53

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

48

CALIBAN. Do not torment me: O! STEPHANO. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Ind? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

CALIBAN. The spirit torments me: O! STEPHANO. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him

and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather, 69 CALIBAN. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my

wood home faster.

STEPHANO. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [gives Caliban drink]: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

TRINCULO. I should know that voice: it should be—

TRINCULO. I should know that voice: it should be—butheis drowned; and these are devils. O! defend me. 87

STEPHANO. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO. Stephano! 94
STEPHANO. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!
mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave
him; I have no long spoon.

TRINCULO. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo:—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope

now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STEPHANO. Prithee, do not turn me about: my

stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN [Aside.] These be fine things an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true

subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO. Here: swear then, how thou escapedst.
TRINCULO. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can
swim like a duck. I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO. Here, kiss the book [gives Trinculo drink]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

STEPHANO. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CALIBAN. Hast thou not dropped from heaven? STEPHANO. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was

the man in the moon; when time was.

CALIBAN. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEPHANO. Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I

will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

TRINCULO. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—Iafeard of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon! a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

CALIBAN. I'll show thee every fertile inch o'the island;

And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO. Come on then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

STEPHANO. Come, kiss.

TRINCULO. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

CALIBAN. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries:

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.

Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CALIBAN. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs

grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by a gain.

CALIBAN. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell! [Sings drunkenly.

TRINCULO. A howling monster, a drunken monster:

CALIBAN. No more dams I'll make for fish; 185
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban, 184
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom! high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO. O brave monster! lead the way. 188

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Before Prospero's Cell.
Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

FERDINAND. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO behind.

MIRANDA. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:

20
He's safe for these three hours.

O most dear mistress,

FERDINAND.

46 ACT III The sun will set, before I shall discharge What I must strive to do. If you'll sit down. MIRANDA. I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that; I'll carry it to the pile. FERDINAND. No, precious creature: I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by. It would become me MIRANDA. As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease: for my good will is to it. And yours it is against. Poor worm! thou art infected: PROSPERO. [Aside.] This visitation shows it. You look wearily. MIRANDA. FERDINAND. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night. I do beseech you-Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers— What is your name? Miranda.—O my father! MIRANDA. I have broke your hest to say so. Admir'd Miranda! FERDINAND. Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues Have I lik'd several women; never any With so full soul but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil: but you, O you! So perfect and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best. I do not know MIRANDA. One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men than you, good friend, And my dear father: how features are abroad,

I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Any companion in the world but you; Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
FERDINAND. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; — 60
I would not so ! and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak :-
The very instant that I saw you did 64
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
MIRANDA. Do you love me?
FERDINAND. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this
sound, 63
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
MIRANDA. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
PROSPERO. [Aside.] Fair encounter Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
FERDINAND. Wherefore weep you? 76
MIRANDA. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant Whether you will or no

FERDINAND. My mistress, dearest;

And I thus humble ever.

My husband then? FERDINAND. Ay, with a heart as willing 88

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell

Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND. A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.

PROSPERO. So glad of this as they, I cannot be, 92 Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing At nothing can be more. I'll to my book: For yet, ere supper time, must I perform

Much business appertaining.

[Exit. THE PARTY THE LOUIS WAS A REAL PROPERTY.

Scene II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a bottle, Stephano, and Trinculo.

STEPHANO. Tell not me:---when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and

board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th'other two be brained like us, the state totters.

STEPHANO. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid

thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRINCULO. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail. 11

STEPHANO. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-andthirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no

standard.

STEPHANO. We'll not run, Monsieur monster.

TRINCULO. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CALIBAN. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRINCULO. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO. 'Lord' quoth he!—that a monster

should be such a natural!

CALIBAN. Lo, lo, again! bitehim to death, I prithee. 35 STEPHANO. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd

To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

STEPHANO. Marry, will I; kneel, and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

CALIBAN. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL. Thou liest.

I would my valiant master would destroy thee; I do not lie.

STEPHANO. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRINCULO. Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO. Mum then and no more.—[To Caliban.] Proceed.

CALIBAN. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,— STEPHANO. That's most certain. CALIBAN. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve · thee. The same direct constraints and the same property of the same of the s STEPHANO. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

64
CALIBAN. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep. Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head. ARIEL. Thou liest; thou canst not. CALIBAN. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee. 76 TRINCULO. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off. STEPHANO. Didst thou not say he lied? ARIEL. Thou liest. STEPHANO Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes Trinculo] As you like this, give me the lie another time. TRINCULO. I did not give thee the lie: -Out o' your wits and hearing too ?-A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers! CALIBAN. Ha, ha, ha! STEPHANO. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee stand further off. CALIBAN. Beat him enough: after a little time

I'll beat him too.

* STEPHANO.

Stand further.—Come, proceed.

CALIBAN. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him. Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,— Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal: And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter; he himself 104 Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax As great'st does least. Is it so brave a lass? 103 STEPHANO. CALIBAN. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant. And bring thee forth brave brood. STEPHANO. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,-save our graces! and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo? TRINCULO. Excellent. STEPHANO. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head. CALIBAN. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then? Ay, on mine honour. STEPHANO. ARIEL. This will I tell my master. CALIBAN. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure. Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

52

STEPHANO. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Flout 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flout 'em; Thought is free.

CALIBAN. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

STEPHANO. What is this same?

TRINCULO. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

STEPHANO. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou Regard of production of to your I of list.

TRINCULO. O, forgive me my sins! STEPHANO. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN. Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO. No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN. Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises. Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, 144

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, The clouds methought would open and show riches Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd 148 I cried to dream again. VALUE OF RECOURSE

STEPHANO. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,

where I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN. When Prospero is destroyed. 152 STEPHANO. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRINCULO. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

STEPHANO. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on. Wilt come? TRINCULO. I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

Con Smile Healt

Scene III.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

GONZALO. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed, Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience, I needs must rest me.

ALONSO. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO. [Aside to Sebastian] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose

That you resolv'd to effect.

SEBASTIAN. [Aside to Antonio] The next advantage

Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO. [Aside to Sebastian] Let it be to-night; For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN. [Aside to Antonio] I say to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter below several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.

ALONSO. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

GONZALO. Marvellous sweet music!

ALONSO. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN. A living drollery. Now I will believe That there are unicorns; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phænix' throne; one phænix At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO. I'll believe both; 2.

And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

GONZALO.

If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me? 28
If I should say I saw such islanders,—

For, certes, these are people of the island.—

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note.

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO. [Aside.] Honest lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present Are worse than devils.

ALONSO. I cannot too much muse, 36 Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing,—Although they want the use of tongue,—a kind Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

FRANCISCO. They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN. No matter, since 40 They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—

Will 't please you to taste of what is here?

ALONSO. Not I. GONZALO. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we

GONZALO. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALONSO. I will stand to and feed,

Although my last; no matter, since I feel The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to and do as we.

52

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

ARIEL. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island 56 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; [Seeing Alonso, Sebastian, &c., draw their swords.

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows 60 Are ministers of fate: the elements Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers. Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths, And will not be uplifted. But, remember,— For that's my business to you,—that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed 72 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition,—worse than any death
Can be at once,—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here in this most desolate isle, else falls

80 Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the

PROSPERO. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring: 84 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work, And these mine enemies are all knit up 89 In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—92 And his and mine lov'd darling. [Exit above. GONZALO. I' the name of something holy, sir, why

stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO. O, it is monstrous! monstrous! Methought the billows spoke and told me of it; 96 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass. Therefore my son i'th' ooze is bedded; and I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded, And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

SEBASTIAN. But one fiend at a time.

I'll fight their legions o'er.

I'll be thy second. [Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.

GONZALO. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after, Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly And hinder them from what this ecstasy May now provoke them to.

Follow, I pray you. ADRIAN.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

PROSPERO. If I have too austerely punish'd you, Your compensation makes amends; for I Have given you here a thrid of mine own life, Or that for which I live; whom once again I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven, I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand! Do not smile at me that I boast her off, For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND. I do believe it

Against an oracle.

PROSPERO. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisi-

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue and long life,

With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,

The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion

Our worser genius can, shall never melt

Mine honour into lust, to take away

The edge of that day's celebration

When I shall think, or Phæbus' steeds are founder'd,

Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO. Fairly spoke: Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own. What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

32

Enter ARIEL.

What would my potent master? here I am. PROSPERO. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another trick. Go bring the rabble, 36 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place: Incite them to quick motion; for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

Presently? ARTEL.

PROSPERO. Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL. Before you can say, 'Come,' and 'Go,' And breathe twice; and cry, 'so, so,'

Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master? no? PROSPERO. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. approach

Till thou dost hear me call.

Well, I conceive. ARIEL. PROSPERO. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw 52 To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious, Or else good night your vow!

FERDINAND. I warrant you, sir;

The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.

Well.-PROSPERO. Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,

Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly. No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

TRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
64
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace, 72
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

OERES. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;

Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers:
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown

My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate

On the bless'd lovers.

CERES. Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? since they did plot The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company I have forsworn.

Be not afraid; I met her deity

02

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

JUNO. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be, 104 And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing, Long continuance, and increasing, Hourly joys be still upon you! Juno sings her blessings on you.

CERES. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty:
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold To think these spirits?

PROSPERO. Spirits, which by mine art 120 I have from their confines call'd to enact My present fancies.

FERDINAND. Let me live here ever: So rare a wonder'd father and a wise, Makes this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment. PROSPERO. Sweet, now, silence! 124

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,

There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the windring

brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary, Come hither from the furrow, and be merry: Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on, And these fresh nymphs encounter every one In country footing.

136

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

PROSPERO. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid; no

more!

FERDINAND. This is strange: your father's in some passion

That works him strongly.

MIRANDA. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort, As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors, 148 As I foretold you, were all spirits and Are melted into air, into thin air: And, like the baseless fabric of this vision. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, 152 The solemn temples, the great globe itself. Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd: Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled. Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk, To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND, MIRANDA. We wish your peace.

PROSPERO. Come with a thought !-- [To them.] thank thee: Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Spirit. PROSPERO.

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ay, my commander; when I presented ARIEL. Ceres.

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air For breathing in their faces; beat the ground For kissing of their feet; yet always bending Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor; At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears, Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them 181
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

This was well done, my bird. 184
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,

For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL. I go, I go. [Exit. PROSPERO. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains, 189 Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost; And as with age his body uglier grows, So his mind cankers. I will plague them all, 192 Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

CALIBAN. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

TRINCULO. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

STEPHANO. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

TRINCULO. Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to 205 Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly; All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRINCULO. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool. - 208 STEPHANO. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRINCULO. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STEPHANO. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be

o'er ears for my labour.

CALIBAN. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here.

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. 216 Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For ave thy foot-licker. STEPHANO. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have

bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash. 224 TRINCULO. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stephano!
STEPHANO. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this

hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO. Thy grace shall have it.

The dropsy drown this fool! what do you CALIBAN. mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, 232 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches:

Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

STEPHANO. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country: 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for 't.

TRINCULO. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time, ... 248

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villanous low.

STEPHANO. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this. 253 TRINCULO. And this.

STEPHANO. Av. and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

PROSPERO. Hey, Mountain, hey! ARIEL. Silver! there it goes, Silver! PROSPERO. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

k! [Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out. Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews 260 With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

PROSPERO. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

property of more against the contract of the little of the contract of the little of the contract of the little of

the sale west in company that I would be seen

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little, Follow, and do me service.

ACT V.

Scene I.—Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.

PROSPERO. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?

ARIEL. On the sixth hour; at which time, my

You said our work should cease. I did sav so. PROSPERO. When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and 's followers?

Confin'd together ARIEL In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir, In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge till your release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted, And the remainder mourning over them, Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly Him, that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo': His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works them.

That if you now beheld them, your affections

Would become tender.

Dost thou think so, spirit? PROSPERO. ARIEL. Mine would, sir, were I human.

And mine shall. 20 PROSPERO.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the

quick, to live Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury Do I take part: the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, 28
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit. PROSPERO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves:

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that 36 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,-Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar: graves at my command Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth By my so potent art. But this rough magic I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,— To work mine end upon their senses that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, 60

For you are spell-stopp'd. Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, was to be to be Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace; 64 And as the morning steals upon the night, Melting the darkness, so their rising senses Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo! 68 My true preserver, and a loyal sir To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter: 72 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.-Flesh and blood. You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,-Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,— Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee, Unnatural though thou art !—Their understanding Begins to swell, and the approaching tide 80 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel, Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:-Exit Ariel.

I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

ARIEL. Where the bee sucks, there suck I: 88

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily: 92

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:

But yet thou shalt have freedom; -so, so, so 96
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.
ARIEL. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit. GONZALO. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment ment 100/2/100 g to the first that are 104
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
PROSPERO. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
A hearty welcome. ALONSO. Whe'r thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,— 116
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
PROSPERO. First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd
GONZALO. Whether this be,
GONZALO. Whether this be, Or be not, I'll not swear.
PROSPERO. You do yet taste Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you 124
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you 124
Believe things certain.—Welcome! my friends all:—
[Aside to Sebastian and Antonio] But you, my brace of lords,
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors, at this time

I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him. PROSPERO. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require 132 My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know, legel or to 1 - mil ziny 0 - 30 Thou must restore.

ALONSO. If thou beest Prospero, Give us particulars of thy preservation; How thou hast met us here, who three hours since 136 Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost,— How sharp the point of this remembrance is !-My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO. I am woe for 't, sir.

ALONSO. Irreparable is the loss, and patience 140

Says it is past her cure.

I rather think PROSPERO.

You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace, For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,

And rest myself content.

ALONSO. You the like loss! 144

PROSPERO. As great to me, as late; and, supportable To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker Than you may call to comfort you, for I

Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO.

A daughter? O heavens! that they were living both in Naples, The king and queen there! that they were, I wish Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daugh-

PROSPERO. In this last tempest. I perceive, these

At this encounter do so much admire That they devour their reason, and scarce think Their eyes do offices of truth, their words Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have Been justled from your senses, know for certain That I am Prospero and that very duke 159

Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed, To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this; For 'tis a chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a breakfast nor Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir; This cell's my court: here have I few attendants And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in. My dukedom since you have given me again, 168 I will requite you with as good a thing; At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Sweet lord, you play me false. MIRANDA. FERDINAND. No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

MIRANDA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle.

And I would call it fair play.

If this prove ALONSO.

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose.

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause. [Kneels to Alonso. Now, all the blessings ALONSO. Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

O, wonder! MIRANDA.

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't!

PROSPERO. 'Tis new to thee. 184 What is this maid, with whom thou wast ALONSO. at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us. And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND. Sir, she is mortal; 188 But by immortal Providence she's mine: I chose her when I could not ask my father For his advice, nor thought I had one. She Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan, 192 Of whom so often I have heard renown, But never saw before; of whom I have Receiv'd a second life; and second father

This lady makes him to me. ALONSO.

I am hers: But O! how oddly will it sound that I Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO. There, sir, stop:

Let us not burden our remembrances

With a heaviness that 's gone.

I have inly wept, 200 GONZALO. I have inly wept, 200 Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods, And on this couple drop a blessed crown; For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither!

ALONSO. I say, Amen, Gonzalo! 204 GONZALO. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice Beyond a common joy, and set it down With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis, And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves, When no man was his own.

ALONSO. [To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart That doth not wish you joy!
GONZALO.
Be it so: Amen!

236

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us. I prophesied, if a gallows were on land, This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy, That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN. The best news is that we have safely found

Our king and company: the next, our ship,— Which but three glasses since we gave out split,-Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when We first put out to sea.

ARIEL. [Aside to PROSPERO] Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO. [Aside to Ariel] My tricksy spirit! ALONSO. These are not natural events: they strengthen 227

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither? BOATSWAIN. If I did think, sir, I were well awake, I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep.

And,—how we know not,—all clapp'd under hatches, Where, but even now, with strange and several noises Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,

And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible, We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty: Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master

Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you, Even in a dream, were we divided from them, And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL. [Aside to Prospero] Was 't well done? PROSPERO. [Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence!

Thou shalt be free. ALONSO. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod; And there is in this business more than nature Was ever conduct of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Sir, my liege, PROSPERO.

Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,—
Which to you shall seem probable,—of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[Aside to Ariel] Come
hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel] How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

STEPHANO. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

TRINCULO. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed. How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Acknowledge mine.

SEBASTIAN. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio? 264 Will money buy them?

ANTONIO. Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROSPERO. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil,—272
For he 's a bastard one,—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I

CALIBAN. I shall be pinch'd to death. 276

ALONSO. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler? SEBASTIAN. He is drunk now: where had he wine? ALONSO. And Trinculo is reeling-ripe: where should thev

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them? 280

How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEBASTIAN. Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO. O! touch me not: Î am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah? STEPHANO. I should have been a sore one then. 288 ALONSO. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [Pointing to CALIBAN.

PROSPERO. He is as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions: as you look 292

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, 296

And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO. Go to; away!

ALONSO. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN. Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

PROSPERO. Sir, I invite your highness and your train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest For this one night; which—part of it—I'll waste With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it Go quick away: the story of my life 304 And the particular accidents gone by

Since I came to this isle: and in the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd: 308

And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO.

I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO.

I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[Aside to ARIEL] My Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[Exeunt

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true, I must be here confin'd by you, Or sent to Naples. Let me not, Since I have my dukedom got And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands With the help of your good hands. Gentle breath of yours my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please. Now I want Spirits to enforce, art to enchant; And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,

16 Which pierces so that it assaults Mercy itself and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your indulgence set me free.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

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THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

INTRODUCTION

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, as far as we can ascertain, was first printed in the folio of 1623. The earliest mention of the drama that has been discovered earliest mention of the drama that has been discovered occurs in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, *Wits' Treasury*, of 1598. But the internal evidence of style, construction, characterization, verse, indicates a considerably earlier date. The balance and symmetry with which the characters are disposed one against the other, suggest that Shakespeare, when the play was written, was still in his nonage as a dramatist, and constructed his design in discipleship to John Lyly. The delight in verbal wit, often of a poor quality, a tricksy legerdemain of words, was subdued as Shakespeare made progress in his art. The characters, with the exception of Launce and Julia, are somewhat faintly outlined. The verse is simple, in general regular, slow-moving, mellifluous, but lacking in all the fine audacities of the poet's maturer style. Some critics have placed the comedy as early as 1590; some favour a date as late as 1595; and others, again, on the ground of the versification, which differs in some parts of the play from that of certain other parts, maintain the theory that it was originally written about 1590, and was revised and partly rewritten about 1595. All that we can say with certainty is that The Two Gentlemen of Verona is one of Shakespeare's early comedies.

A source for the Proteus and Julia story has been pointed out—and there can be little question as to the

correctness of this-in a Spanish romance by a Portuguese writer, Jorge de Montemayor, the Diana Enamorada, a work which was not without an influence on Sidney when he wrote the Arcadia. A translation of the Diana by Bartholomew Yonge was published in 1598 but it had been executed as early as 1582, and, like the Arcadia itself, had a circulation in manuscript before it was published. Shakespeare may have seen one of the manuscript copies, or, as Mr. R. Warwick Bond observes, he may have read a French version of the Spanish romance by N. Collin, which appeared in 1578. Mr. Warwick Bond summarizes the points of resemblance between the story of Shakespeare's Proteus and Julia and that of Felix and Felismena in the Diana in words which one must gratefully acknow-The chief ledge as admitting of no improvement. points of resemblance,' he writes, 'are the use by Don Felix of Felismena's maid as intermediary, and the covness exhibited by the heroine in receiving his letter; the breach of their intimacy by his dispatch to Court; the pursuit of him thither by Felismena in male dress... her lodging on arrival at an inn, and hearing, by the host's means, the serenading of Celia (Silvia) by Don Felix; her taking service as a page (Valerius) with the latter, and being sent by him to forward his new suit: the conversation between her and Celia about Don Felix's former love, and Celia's unfavourable reception of his addresses; and the heroine's final recognition by, reproach of, and reunion with Felix effected later in a forest after a scene of combat.' Mr. Bond adds that Launce is in some sort represented by Felix's page Fabius, though in comparison with Launce the page of the Spanish romance is a conventional personage. story of Felix and Felismena in Montemavor's romance seems to have suggested to one of Shakespeare's dramatic predecessors a play, which is mentioned in the Revels Accounts, 1584-5, The History of Felix and Philiomena; but the play, if ever printed, has been lost, and we can only conjecturally place it among the possible sources of The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Slighter debts of Shakespeare in this play are due to Brooke's metrical version of the story afterwards so nobly handled by the dramatist, Romeus and Juliet (1562), perhaps to the English original of a German tragedy Julio and Hyppolita, acted by English players on the continent, perhaps to the Arcadia, and to other works, including Lyly's Euphues; but such obligations, when put together, do not amount to any considerable sum.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona is more interesting as itself a source upon which Shakespeare drew in later and better plays than for its own sake. Its importance lies in the fact that it was the first of those romantic comedies of love which at a subsequent date are represented by such admirable creations as Much Ado, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night. Julia is the earliest of Shakespeare's heroines who pursue their fortune in affairs of the heart in male disguise. Launce is the earliest and one of the best of his humorous clowns. Perhaps the play had no striking success upon the stage; perhaps it fell into comparative obscurity before long; if so, Shakespeare may have felt that he was hardly repeating himself before his audience when he seized upon this motive or that, when he developed this scene or another, from a comedy which had passed out of public view. Thus, in The Merchant of Venice, Portia and her maid review and criticize the lady's several suitors as here (Act I, Sc. ii) mistress and maid criticize the lovers of Julia. Launcelot Gobbo is like a reincarnation of Launce. There are links which in this way connect the Two Gentlemen with Romeo and Juliet, Twelfth Night, Midsummer Night's Dream, and other plays.

Historically, therefore, in the development of Shakespeare's art, the present drama is of more significance than some plays which possess higher merit. It was a beginning; it was an experiment which led to much; it was a repertory of dramatic ideas; it brought Italy

and romance into Shakespeare's comedies.

The subject is love and friendship; their troubles,

trials, victories, and rival claims. In Renaissance literature, friendship as well as love was idealized and exalted to heights that touched the extravagant. Here Proteus is guilty of every baseness both as friend and lover; yet upon a repentance which is forced upon him almost at the edge of the sword, he is forgiven and received back by the wronged Julia and the betrayed and slandered Valentine. The lines in which the faithful Valentine seems to surrender his rights in Silvia to the penitent Proteus—

And, that my love may appear plain and free, All that was mine in Silvia I give thee—

have been a stumbling-block to many critics. Shall we say that Shakespeare was here sacrificing truth and nature to a convention of the time? Shall we suppose that the words were spoken so boldly because Valentine had heard the declaration of Silvia's fidelity to himself and her detestation of his false friend? Or shall we accept the interpretation of the words proposed by Dr. Batteson—'All such love as I have yielded to Silvia, I now extend to thee'? If the last be the true meaning of the speech, it did not occur to Julia, in her boy's attire, who instantly swoons, and whatever way we interpret the speech of Valentine, it seems strange and undramatic that Silvia herself at this moment should utter no word. But a curious essay might be written upon the silences of some of the characters of Shakespeare.

When friends and lovers have faded in our memory, when the outlines grow pale and the colours are dim, we still remember Launce and his beloved, ill-mannered dog. Speed is a wit—and not too brilliant a wit—by effort aforethought; his words play tricks with one another like mountebanks at a circus; but Launce is often an unconscious humorist; his utterances are steeped in a rich humanity; he is a creation of Shake-

speare's heart as much as of his brain.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

tion forwards and test on her aging to next participated

and I proved formatted the little was a street or a second for an and

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, PROTEUS,
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia, in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
HOST, where Julia lodges in Milan.
OUTLAWS with Valentine.

Julia, beloved of Proteus.
Silvia, beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta, waiting woman to Julia.
Servants, Musicians.

Scene.-Verona; Milan; and the frontiers of Mantua.

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THE TWO GENTLEME OF VERONA

ACT I.

Scene I.—Verona. An open place.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, If ever danger do environ thee, Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

VALENTINE. And on a love-book pray for my success?

PROTEUS. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. VALENTINE. That 's on some shallow story of deep love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. PROTEUS. That 's a deep story of a deeper love; For he was more than over shoes in love.

'Tis true; for you are over boots in VALENTINE. love. And yet you never swum the Hellespont. PROTEUS. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots. No, I will not, for it boots thee not. VALENTINE. PROTEUS. To be in love, where scorn is bought VALENTINE. with groans; Coy looks with heart-sore sighs: one fading moment's mirth With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labour won: However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
PROTEUS. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool. VALENTINE. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll PROTEUS. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love. VALENTINE. Love is your master, for he masters you: And he that is so yoked by a fool, Methinks should not be chronicled for wise. PROTEUS. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud The eating canker dwells, so eating love Inhabits in the finest wits of all. VALENTINE. And writers say, as the most forward bud Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in the prime, And all the fair effects of future hopes. But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee That art a votary to fond desire? Once more adieu! my father at the road Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

PROTEUS. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

VALENTINE. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters Of thy success in love, and what news else Betideth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine. PROTEUS. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan! VALENTINE. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

PROTEUS. He after honour hunts, I after love: He leaves his friends to dignify them more; I leave myself, my friends and all, for love. Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;— Made me neglect my studies, lose my time, War with good counsel, set the world at nought; 68 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

SPEED. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

PROTEUS. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him. 73 PROTEUS. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,

An if the shepherd be a while away.

SPEED. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep? 77 PROTEUS. I do.

SPEED. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PROTEUS. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep. This proves me still a sheep.

PROTEUS. True, and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance. 84

PROTEUS. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

PROTEUS. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd. the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

SPEED. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa'. PROTEUS. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

PROTEUS. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

SPEED. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

PROTEUS. Nav. in that you are astray: 'twere best pound vou. ound you.

SPEED. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me

for carrying your letter.

PROTEUS. You mistake: I mean the pound,-a pinfold.

SPEED. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PROTEUS. But what said she? [Speed nods.] Did she

nod?

SPEED. Av.

PROTEUS. Nod, ay? why, that's noddy. SPEED. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

PROTEUS. And that set together is-noddy.

SPEED. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains. PROTEUS. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with vou.

PROTEUS. Why, sir, how do you bear with me? SPEED. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains. PROTEUS. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit. 128 SPEED. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse. PROTEUS. Come, come; open the matter in brief:

what said she?

SPEED. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered. PROTEUS. Well, sir, here is for your pains [giving him

money]. What said she?

SPEED. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her. 136 PROTEUS. Why? couldst thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no. not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she 's as hard as steel.

PROTEUS. What! said she nothing? SPEED. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.
PROTEUS. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from

wrack:

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—

I must go send some better messenger: I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post.

and the property of the local and

[Exit.

Scene II.—The Same. The Garden of Julia's House.

servery. The though a stome with the way and Enter Julia and Lucetta.

JULIA. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love? LUCETTA. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

JULIA. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest love? LUCETTA. Please you repeat their names. I'll show my mind According to my shallow simple skill. JULIA. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

LUCETTA. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

JULIA. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio? 12 LUCETTA. Well of his wealth: but of himself, so so. JULIA. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus? LUCETTA. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us! JULIA. How now! what means this passion at his name?

LUCETTA. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JULIA. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20 LUCETTA. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

JULIA. Your reason?

LUCETTA. I have no other but a woman's reason:

I think him so because I think him so. JULIA. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Ay, if you thought your love not cast LUCETTA. away.

Why, he, of all the rest hath never moved me.

LUCETTA. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves

JULIA. His little speaking shows his love but small. Fire that's closest kept burns most of LUCETTA. all.

JULIA. They do not love that do not show their

LUCETTA. O! they love least that let men know their love.

JULIA. I would I knew his mind. Peruse this paper, madam. LUCETTA. [Gives a letter. JULIA. 'To Julia.'—Say from whom?

LUCETTA. That the contents will show. JULIA. Say, say, who gave it thee? LUCETTA. Sir Valentine's page, and sent, I think, from Proteus. He would have given it you, but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
JULIA. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? To whisper and conspire against my youth? Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth And you an officer fit for the place. There, take the paper: see it be return'd; Or else return no more into my sight. LUCETTA. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate. JULIA. Will ye be gone? That you may ruminate. JULIA. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter. It were a shame to call her back again And pray her to a fault for which I chid her. What fool is she, that knows I am a maid. And would not force the letter to my view! 52 Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.' Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse 56 And presently all humbled kiss the rod! How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, When willingly I would have had her here: How angerly I taught my brow to frown, When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile. My penance is, to call Lucetta back And ask remission for my folly past. What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

What would your ladyship? LUCETTA

JULIA. Is it near dinner-time?

I would it were: LUCETTA. That you might kill your stomach on your meat And not upon your maid.

What is 't that you took up so gingerly? 68

LUCETTA. Nothing.

JULIA. Why didst thou stoop, then?

To take a paper up LUCETTA.

That I let fall.

And is that paper nothing? LUCETTA. Nothing concerning me. JULIA. Then let it lie for those that it concerns. LUCETTA. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter.

JULIA. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rime.

LUCETTA. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:

Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

JULIA. As little by such toys as may be possible; Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love.'

LUCETTA. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JULIA. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then? LUCETTA. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JULIA. And why not you?

I cannot reach so high. 84 LUCETTA. JULIA. Let's see your song. [Taking the letter.] How now, minion!

LUCETTA. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet methinks, I do not like this tune.

JULIA. You do not?

No, madam; it is too sharp. 88

You, minion, are too saucy.

LUCETTA. Nay, now you are too flat And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

92

JULIA. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus. JULIA. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil with protestation !-Tears the letter. Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie: You would be fingering them, to anger me. LUCETTA. She makes it strange: but she would be best pleas'd To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit. JULIA. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same! IOI O hateful hands, to tear such loving words! Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey And kill the bees that yield it with your stings! 104 I'll kiss each several paper for amends. Look, here is writ 'kind Julia': unkind Julia! As in revenge of thy ingratitude, I throw thy name against the bruising stones, 108 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain. And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus': Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd; 112 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss. But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down: Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away Till I have found each letter in the letter, Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock, And throw it thence into the raging sea! Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ, 'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus, To the sweet Julia':—that I'll tear away; And yet I will not, sith so prettily He couples it to his complaining names: Thus will I fold them one upon another:

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

med runnel man Blin (prairie of the well) at the Re-enter Lucetta.

LUCETTA. Madam.

Dinner is ready, and your father stays. 128

JULIA. Well, let us go.

What! shall these papers lie like tell-LUCETTA. tales here?

JULIA. If you respect them, best to take them up. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold. JULIA. I see you have a month's mind to them. LUCETTA. Ay, madam, you may say what sights vou see:

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

JULIA. Come, come; will 't please you go?

[Exetti

Bring D. V. march . July 1 and J. March of the Street, or other property of the street, and th SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

ANTONIO. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that 05 353700 pt 1 1 1 1 1 1

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister? PANTHINO. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son. ANTONIO. Why, what of him?

PANTHINO. He wonder'd that your lordship Would suffer him to spend his youth at home, 5 While other men, of slender reputation, Put forth their sons to seek preferment out: Some to the wars, to try their fortune there; 8 Some to discover islands far away; Some to the studious universities. For any or for all these exercises He said that Proteus your son was meet, And did request me to importune you To let him spend his time no more at home.

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

16

ANTONIO. Nor need'st thou much importune me to
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him? 24
PANTHINO. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
ANTONIO. I know it well. 28
PANTHINO. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
ANTONIO. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
PANTHINO. To-morrow, may it please you, Don
Alphonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem, 40
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.
ANTONIO. Good company; with them shall Proteus
go:
And in good time:—now will we break with him. 44
the state of the s
Enter Proteus.
PROTEUS. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.

O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

O heavenly Julia!

How now! what letter are you reading there?

PROTEUS. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine, Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

There is no news, my lord; but that he PROTEUS. writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANTONIO. And how stand you affected to his wish?

PROTEUS. As one relying on your lordship's will And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANTONIO. My will is something sorted with his wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed; For what I will, I will, and there an end. I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court:

What maintenance he from his friends receives, Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go: Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PROTEUS. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided: 72 Please you, deliberate a day or two.

ANTONIO. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Antonio and Panthino. PROTEUS. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning.

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd. I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80 Lest he should take exceptions to my love:

And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love,
O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

PANTHINO. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you: He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

PROTEUS. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto, And yet a thousand times it answers, 'no.' [Exeunt.

ACT II.

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Scene I.-Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

SPEED. Sir, your glove. [Offering a glove. VALENTINE. Not mine; my gloves are on. SPEED. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.

VALENTINE. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine;

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine! Ah Silvia! Silvia!

SPEED. [Calling.] Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia! VALENTINE. How now, sirrah?

SPEED. She is not within hearing, sir.

VALENTINE. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

VALENTINE. Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VALENTINE. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

SPEED. She that your worship loves? VALENTINE. Why, how know you that I am in aportoring a sor he steem, this was to love?

SPEED. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malecontent: to relish a love-song, like a robinredbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his ABC; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch. like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VALENTINE. Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED. They are all perceived without ve.

Without me? they cannot. VALENTINE. SPEED. Without you? nay, that 's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VALENTINE. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Cold to the transfer of the 44 Silvia ?

SPEED. She that you gaze on so as she sits at service and and property of the service of the serv supper?

VALENTINE. Hast thou observed that? even she. I mean.

SPEED. Why, sir, I know her not.

VALENTINE. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

SPEED. Is she not hard-favoured, sir? VALENTINE. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough. VALENTINE. What dost thou know?

97

SPEED. That she is not so fair, as, of you, well-favoured.

VALENTINE. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,

but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

VALENTINE. How painted? and how out of count? SPEED. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VALENTINE. How esteemest thou me? I account

of her beauty.

SPEED. You never saw her since she was deformed. VALENTINE. How long hath she been deformed? 68 SPEED. Ever since you loved her.

VALENTINE. I have loved her ever since I saw her,

and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her you cannot see her. 72

VALENTINE. Why?

SPEED. Because Love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

VALENTINE. What should I see then?

SPEED. Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VALENTINE. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes. 84

SPEED. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VALENTINE. In conclusion, I stand affected to her. SPEED. I would you were set, so your affection

would cease.

SH. I

VALENTINE. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED. And have you?

VALENTINE. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

•

VALENTINE. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPEED. [Aside.] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

VALENTINE. Madam and mistress, a thousand good

morrows.

SPEED. [Aside.] O! give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

SILVIA. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

SPEED. [Aside.] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VALENTINE. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter 108

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in

But for my duty to your ladyship. [Gives a letter. silvia. I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

VALENTINE. Now, trust me, madam, it came hardly

off;

For, being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SILVIA. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VALENTINE. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write.

Please you command, a thousand times as much.

And yet—
SILVIA. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again; and yet I thank you,

And yet take this again; and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED. [Aside.] And yet you will; and yet another yet.

VALENTINE. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SILVIA. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But since unwillingly, take them again: 128 Nav. take them. [Gives back the letter.

ay, take them. [Gives by valentine. Madam, they are for you.

SILVIA. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,

But I will none of them; they are for you.

I would have had them writ more movingly.

VALENTINE. Please you, I'll write your ladyship

SILVIA. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VALENTINE. If it please me, madam, what then? 136 SILVIA. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:

And so, good morrow, servant. [Exit. SPEED. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, 139 As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor, He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, That my master, being scribe, to himself should write

the letter?

VALENTINE. How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?

SPEED. Nay, I was riming: 'tis you that have the reason.

VALENTINE. To do what?

SPEED. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia. 148 VALENTINE. To whom?

SPEED. To yourself. Why, she wooes you by a figure. VALENTINE. What figure?

SPEED. By a letter, I should say. 152

VALENTINE. Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? VALENTINE. No, believe me.

SPEED. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

VALENTINE. She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED. Why, she hath given you a letter. 160 VALENTINE. That's the letter I writ to her friend. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

VALENTINE. I would it were no worse. SPEED. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

'For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind

discover. Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

VALENTINE. I have dined. 172 SPEED. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved. [Excunt.

Scene II.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

PROTEUS. Have patience, gentle Julia. I must, where is no remedy. PROTEUS. When possibly I can, I will return. JULIA. If you turn not, you will return the sooner. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Gives him a ring. Why, then, we'll make exchange: here, PROTEUS. take you this. [Gives her another.

JULIA. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss. PROTEUS. Here is my hand for my true constancy; And when that hour o'erslips me in the day Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! My father stays my coming; answer not.

SCENE II] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 101

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell.

[Exit Julia.]

Julia, farewell.

What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

PANTHINO. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

PROTEUS. Go; I come, I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

LAUNCE. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the pro-digious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither: -yes, it is so; it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your

blessing;' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

PANTHINO. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

LAUNCE. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for

it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

PANTHINO. What's the unkindest tide? LAUNCE. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

PANTHINO. Tut. man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service, —Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAUNCE. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PANTHINO. Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUNCE. In thy tale.
PANTHINO. In thy tail! LAUNCE. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my

PANTHINO. Come, come away, man; I was sent to

the second second .

call thee.

LAUNCE. Sir, call me what thou darest.

PANTHINO. Wilt thou go?

LAUNCE. Well, I will go. [Exeunt.

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Scene IV.—Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

SILVIA. Servant!

VALENTINE. Mistress?

SPEED. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

VALENTINE. Ay, boy, it's for love.

SPEED. Not of you.
VALENTINE. Of my mistress, then.

SPEED. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

SILVIA. Servant, you are sad.

VALENTINE. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THURIO. Seem you that you are not?

VALENTINE. Haply I do.

THURIO. So do counterfeits.

VALENTINE. So do you.
THURIO. What seem I that I am not?

VALENTINE. Wise.

THURIO. What instance of the contrary?

VALENTINE. Your folly.

THURIO. And how quote you my folly?

VALENTINE. I quote it in your jerkin.

THURIO. My jerkin is a doublet.

VALENTINE. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

THURIO. How?

SILVIA. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

VALENTINE. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

THURIO. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

VALENTINE. You have said, sir.

THURIO. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

VALENTINE. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

SILVIA. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and

quickly shot off.

VALENTINE. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

SILVIA. Who is that, servant?

VALENTINE. Yourself, sweet lady: for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

THURIO. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

VALENTINE. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

SILVIA. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes

my father.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

My lord, I will be thankful VALENTINE.

To any happy messenger from thence.

DUKE. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman? VALENTINE. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman

To be of worth and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

DUKE. Hath he not a son?

VALENTINE. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father.

DUKE. You know him well?

VALENTINE. I know him as myself; for from our infancy

We have convers'd and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Proteus,—for that 's his name,— Made use and fair advantage of his days:

His years but young, but his experience old;

SCENE IV]	TWO	GENTLEMEN	OF	VERONA	105
				A.	

His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good, 76
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
80

And here he means to spend his time awhile: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VALENTINE. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

DUKE. Welcome him then according to his worth. Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:— 85 For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.

I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit. valentine. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship 88

Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eves lock'd in her crystal looks.

SILVIA. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them Upon some other pawn for fealty.

VALENTINE. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

SILVIA. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind.

How could he see his way to seek out you?

VALENTINE. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

THURIO They say that Love hath not an eye at all

THURIO. They say that Love hath not an eye at all. VALENTINE. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself: Upon a homely object Love can wink.

SILVIA. Have done, have done. Here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus.

VALENTINE. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

SILVIA. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

VALENTINE. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

SILVIA. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

PROTEUS. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VALENTINE. Leave off discourse of disability:

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

PROTEUS. My duty will I boast of, nothing else. 112 SILVIA. And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PROTEUS. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

SILVIA. That you are welcome?

PROTEUS. That you are worthless. 116

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

SILVIA. I wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Servant.] Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

PROTEUS. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed:

VALENTINE. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PROTEUS. Your friends are well and have them much commended.

VALENTINE. And how do yours?

PROTEUS. I left them all in health.

SCENE IV] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 107

VALENTINE. How does your lady and how thrives your love? PROTEUS. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

VALENTINE. Av. Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

132

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144

I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus! Love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me as I confess,

There is no woe to his correction.

Nor to his service no such joy on earth.

Now no discourse, except it be of love:

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love. PROTEUS. Enough; I read your fortune in your

eve.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

VALENTINE. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

PROTEUS. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VALENTINE. Call her divine.

I will not flatter her. 148 PROTEUS. VALENTINE. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

PROTEUS. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

VALENTINE. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine.

Yet let her be a principality,

Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PROTEUS. Except my mistress.

VALENTINE. Sweet, except not any, Except thou wilt except against my love.

PROTEUS: Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

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VALENTINE. And I will help thee to prefer her too: She shall be dignified with this high honour. To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss. And, of so great a favour growing proud, Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower. And make rough winter everlastingly. PROTEUS. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this? VALENTINE. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing To her whose worth makes other worthies nothing. She is alone. Then, let her alone. PROTEUS. VALENTINE. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own. And I as rich in having such a jewel As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. Forgive me that I do not dream on thee, Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes Only for his possessions are so huge, Is gone with her along, and I must after, For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PROTEUS. But she loves you?

VALENTINE. Av. and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight, Determin'd of: how I must climb her window, The ladder made of cords, and all the means Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness. Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber, In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PROTEUS. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth: I must unto the road, to disembark Some necessaries that I needs must use, And then I'll presently attend you.

VALENTINE. Will you make haste?

PROTEUS. I will. [Exit VALENTINE.

Even as one heat another heat expels,	193
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,	
So the remembrance of my former love	
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.	196
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,	
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,	
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?	
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,—	200
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,	
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,	
Bears no impression of the thing it was.	1111
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,	204
And that I love him not as I was wont:	
O! but I love his lady too-too much;	
And that's the reason I love him so little.	
How shall I dote on her with more advice,	208
That thus without advice begin to love her?	
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,	
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;	
But when I look on her perfections,	212
There is no reason but I shall be blind.	
If I can check my erring love, I will;	
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.	[Exit.
_	

Scene V.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

LAUNCE. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say, 'Welcome!'

SPEED. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

LAUNCE. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED. But shall she marry him?

LAUNCE. No.

SPEED. How then? Shall he marry her?

LAUNCE. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUNCE. No, they are both as whole as a fish. 19 SPEED. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUNCE. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

SPEED. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUNCE. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

SPEED. What thou sayest?

LAUNCE. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUNCE. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

SPEED. But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUNCE. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LAUNCE. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

SPEED. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

LAUNCE. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUNCE. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUNCE. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

SPEED. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

SCENE V] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 111

LAUNCE. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

57

SPEED. Why?

LAUNCE. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service.

Exeunt.

Scene VI.—The Same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

PROTEUS. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn; To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn: To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn; And even that power which gave me first my oath 4 Provokes me to this threefold perjury: Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear. O sweet-suggesting Love! if thou hast sinn'd, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it. 8 At first I did adore a twinkling star, But now I worship a celestial sun. Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken; And he wants wit that wants resolved will To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better. Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad, Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths. 16 I cannot leave to love, and vet I do: But there I leave to love where I should love. Julia I lose and Valentine I lose: If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; If I lose them, thus find I by their loss, For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia. I to myself am dearer than a friend, For love is still most precious in itself; And Silvia-witness heaven that made her fair !-Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alive,

Remembering that my love to her is dead; And Valentine I'll hold an enemy, Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. I cannot now prove constant to myself Without some treachery us'd to Valentine: This night he meaneth with a corded ladder To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window. Myself in counsel, his competitor. Now presently, I'll give her father notice 36 Of their disguising and pretended flight; Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine; For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter; But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross, By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding. Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift, As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

Scene VII.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

JULIA. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me: And e'en in kind love I do conjure thee, Who art the table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly character'd and engrav'd, To lesson me and tell me some good mean How, with my honour, I may undertake A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUCETTA. Alas! the way is wearisome and long. 8
JULIA. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

LUCETTA. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

JULIA. O! know'st thou not his looks are my soul's

food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in, By longing for that food so long a time. Didst thou but know the inly touch of love, Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow

SCENE VII] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 113
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. LUCETTA. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire.
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
JULIA. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones, 28
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean. 32
Then let me go and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love; And there I'll rest as after much turneil
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
LUCETTA. But in what habit will you go along?
JULIA. Not like a woman; for I would prevent 40
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may be seem some well-reputed page.
LUCETTA. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your
hair.
JULIA. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be. 48
LUCETTA. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
breeches?

What compass will you wear your farthingale?' Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta. 52 LUCETTA. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

JULIA. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

JULIA. That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,

114 TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA [ACT II, SC. VII
LUCETTA. A round hose, madam, now's not worth
a pin, Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
JULIA. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey? I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
LUCETTA. If you think so, then stay at home and
go not.
JULIA. Nay, that I will not.
LUCETTA. Then never dream on infamy, but go. 64
If Proteus like your journey when you come, No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
JULIA. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear: 68
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances of infinite of love
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
LUCETTA. All these are servants to deceitful men.
JULIA. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth: His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate, 76
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
LUCETTA. Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him!
JULIA. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that
wrong Eo
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him, And presently go with me to my chamber,
The tales a note of what I stand in need of

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Scene I.-Milan. An anteroom in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [Exit Thurio.
Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
PROTEUS. My gracious lord, that which I would dis-
cover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down, 20
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court;
But fearing lest my jealous aim might err 28
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me. 32 And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this, Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower. The key whereof myself have ever kept; 36 And thence she cannot be convey'd away. PROTEUS. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean How he her chamber-window will ascend And with a corded ladder fetch her down: For which the youthful lover now is gone And this way comes he with it presently; Where, if it please you, you may intercept him. But, good my lord, do it so cunningly That my discovery be not aimed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence. DUKE. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

PROTEUS. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.

Enter VALENTINE.

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast? VALENTINE. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE. Be they of much import?

VALENTINE. The tenour of them doth but signify 56

My health and happy being at your court.

DUKE. Nay then, no matter: stay with me awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

VALENTINE. I know it well, my lord; and sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman 64 Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.	
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?	
DUKE. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, fr	0-
ward,	68
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;	
Neither regarding that she is my child,	
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:	
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,	72
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;	
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age	
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,	
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife	76
And turn her out to who will take her in:	
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;	
For me and my possessions she esteems not.	
VALENTINE. What would your Grace have me	to
do in this?	80
DUKE. There is a lady of Verona here,	÷.,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy	
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:	
Now therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,	84
For long agone I have forgot to court;	170
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,	
How and which way I may bestow myself	-
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.	88
VALENTINE. Win her with gifts, if she respect n	ot
words:	
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind	
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.	
DUKE. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.	92
VALENTINE. A woman sometime scorns what be	
contents her.	
Send her another; never give her o'er,	
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.	
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,	96
But rather to beget more love in you;	
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;	,
For why the fools are mad if left alone.	
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;	100
For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'away!'	

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces; Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

DUKE. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

VALENTINE. Why then, I would resort to her by night.

DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept

safe.

That no man hath recourse to her by night. What lets but one may enter at her VALENTINE. window?

DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground, And built so shelving that one cannot climb it Without apparent hazard of his life. VALENTINE. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords.

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it.

DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,

Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VALENTINE. When would you use it ? pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE. This very night; for Love is like a child, That longs for every thing that he can come by.

By seven o'clock I'll get you such VALENTINE. a ladder.

DUKE. But hark thee; I will go to her alone: How shall I best convey the ladder thither? 128 VALENTINE. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

DUKE. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn? VALENTINE. Ay, my good lord.

Then let me see thy cloak: 132 DUKE.

I'll get me one of such another length.

Why, any cloak will serve the turn, VALENTINE. my lord.

DUKE. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

[Pulls open VALENTINE's cloak.

What letter is this same? What's here ?- 'To Silvia!' And here an engine fit for my proceeding! I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly; And slaves they are to me that send them flying: O! could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying! My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them; 144 While I, their king, that thither them importune, Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd

them.

Because myself do want my servants' fortune: I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be. What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee. 'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose. Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,— Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car And with thy daring folly burn the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee? 156 Go, base intruder! overweening slave! Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates, And think my patience, more than thy desert, Is privilege for thy departure hence.

Thank me for this more than for all the favours 160 Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee. But if thou linger in my territories Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to leave our royal court, By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love I ever bore my daughter or thyself.

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit.

VALENTINE. And why not death rather than living torment? To die is to be banish'd from myself; And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her 172 Is self from self,—a deadly banishment! What light is light, if Silvia be not seen? What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Unless it be to think that she is by 175 And feed upon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night, There is no music in the nightingale; Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180 There is no day for me to look upon. She is my essence; and I leave to be, If I be not by her fair influence Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive. I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death: But, fly I hence, I fly away from life. Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE. PROTEUS. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out. Soho! soho! LAUNCE. 189 PROTEUS. What seest thou? LAUNCE. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine. Valentine? PROTEUS. VALENTINE. No. PROTEUS. Who then? his spirit? VALENTINE. Neither. 196 What then? PROTEUS. VALENTINE. Nothing. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I LAUNCE. strike? Who would'st thou strike? PROTEUS. Nothing. LAUNCE. Villain, forbear. PROTEUS. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,-LAUNCE. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine. PROTEUS. a word.

bounding 100 office of the court 121
VALENTINE. My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear
good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
PROTEUS. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.
VALENTINE. Is Silvia dead?
PROTEUS. No, Valentine.
VALENTINE. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia
Hath she forsworn me?
PROTEUS. No, Valentine.
VALENTINE. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworm
me!
What is your news?
LAUNCE. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are
vanished.
PROTEUS. That thou art banished, O, that's the
news.
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
VALENTINE. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
PROTEUS. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the
doom—
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force— 224
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire; 232
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her, 236
With many bitter threats of biding there.
VALENTINE. No more; unless the next word that
thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear. 240 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PROTEUS. Cease to lament for that thou canst not

And study help for that which thou lament'st. Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love; Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover's staff: walk hence with that And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence: Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate: 252 Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate. And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love-affairs. As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, 256 Regard thy danger, and along with me!

VALENTINE. I pray thee, Launce, and if thou seest

my boy,

Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate. PROTEUS. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

VALENTINE. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! [Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

LAUNCE. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; vet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, -which is much in a bare Christian. [Pulling out a paper.] Here is the catelog of her condition. 'Imprimis, She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore,

is she better than a jade. 'Item, She can milk'; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands. 277

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

LAUNCE. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

SPEED. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

LAUNCE. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

SPEED. Why, man, how black? 285

LAUNCE. Why, as black as ink.

SPEED. Let me read them.

LAUNCE. Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read.

SPEED. Thou liest; I can.

LAUNCE. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

SPEED. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUNCE. O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

SPEED. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
LAUNCE. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!
SPEED. 'Imprimis, She can milk.'

LAUNCE. Ay, that she can.

SPEED. 'Item, She brews good ale.'

LAUNCE. And thereof comes the proverb, 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

SPEED. 'Item, She can sew.' 304
LAUNCE. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

SPEED. 'Item, She can knit.'

LAUNCE. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

308

SPEED. 'Item, She can wash and scour.'

LAUNCE. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

SPEED. 'Item, She can spin.'
LAUNCE. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPEED. 'Item, She hath many nameless virtues.' 315 LAUNCE. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues: that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED. 'Here follow her vices.'

LAUNCE. Close at the heels of her virtues. 'Item. She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

LAUNCE. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on. 324

SPEED. 'Item, She hath a sweet mouth.'
LAUNCE. That makes amends for her sour breath. SPEED. 'Item, She doth talk in her sleep.'

LAUNCE. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

SPEED. 'Item, She is slow in words.'

LAUNCE. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED. 'Item, She is proud.' 335 LAUNCE. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED. 'Item, She hath no teeth.'

LAUNCE. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPEED. 'Item, She is curst.'

LAUNCE. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED. 'Item, She will often praise her liquor.' 344 LAUNCE. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

SPEED. 'Item, She is too liberal.' LAUNCE. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

LAUNCE. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine,

and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more. ehearse that once more.

SPEED. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit.'—

LAUNCE. More hair than wit it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

SPEED. 'And more faults than hairs.'— 363 LAUNCE. That's monstrous! O, that that were out!

SPEED. 'And more wealth than faults.'

LAUNCE. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

SPEED. What then?

LAUNCE. Why, then will I tell thee, -that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

SPEED. For me?
LAUNCE. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

SPEED. And must I go to him?

LAUNCE. Thou must run to him, for thou hast

stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn. SPEED. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters!

LAUNCE. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

THURIO. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company and rail'd at me.

That I am desperate of obtaining her. DUKE. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to our proclamation gone? PROTEUS. Gone, my good lord. DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievously. PROTEUS. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. 16 Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,-For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,— Makes me the better to confer with thee. PROTEUS. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

DUKE. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter. PROTEUS. I do, my lord.

DUKE. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes her against my will. PROTEUS. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here. DUKE. Ay, and perversely she persevers so. 28 What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? PROTEUS. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent, Three things that women highly hold in hate. DUKE. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate. PROTEUS. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend. DUKE. Then you must undertake to slander him. PROTEUS. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do: 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40 Especially against his very friend.

SCENE II] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 127
DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
PROTEUS. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can
do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him. 48
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
THURIO. Therefore, as you unwind her love from
him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none, 52
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report, 57
You are already Love's firm votary
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access 60
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you; Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion, 64
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
PROTEUS. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires 68
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rimes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
DUKE. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
PROTEUS. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line 76
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,

128 TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA [ACT III, SC. II

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones, Make tigers tame and huge leviathans Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. After your dire-lamenting elegies, Visit by night your lady's chamber-window With some sweet consort: to their instruments Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance. This, or else nothing, will inherit her. DUKE. This discipline shows thou hast been in love. THURIO. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice. Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,

Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music. I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

DUKE. About it, gentlemen!

PROTEUS. We'll wait upon your grace till aftersupper,

And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE. : Even now about it! I will pardon you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Forest between Milan and Verona.

Enter certain Outlaws.

FIRST OUTLAW. Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.

SECOND OUTLAW. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

THIRD OUTLAW. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you. SPEED. Sir, we are undone: these are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much.

ACT IV, SC. 1] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 129
VALENTINE. My friends,—
FIRST OUTLAW. That's not so, sir; we are your
enemies.
SECOND OUTLAW. Peace! we'll hear him.
THIRD OUTLAW. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he is
a proper man.
VALENTINE. Then know, that I have little wealth to
lose.
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
SECOND OUTLAW. Whither travel you?
VALENTINE. To Verona.
FIRST OUTLAW. Whence came you?
VALENTINE. From Milan.
THIRD OUTLAW. Have you long sojourn'd there? 20
VALENTINE. Some sixteen months; and longer
might have stay'd
11 crooked for tune had not the warted me.
SECOND OUTLAW. What! were you banish'd thence?
VALENTINE. I was.
SECOND OUTLAW. For what offence?
VALENTINE. For that which now torments me to
rehearse.
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight, 28
Without false vantage or base treachery.
FIRST OUTLAW. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were
done so. But were you harish'd for so small a fault?
Dut were you ballish a lot so small a lault:
VALENTINE. I was, and held me glad of such a
doom. 32
SECOND OUTLAW. Have you the tongues? VALENTINE. My youthful travel therein made me
happy, Or else I often had been miserable.
THIRD OUTLAW. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
This follow were a king for our while faction:

SH. I

130 TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA [ACT IV
FIRST OUTLAW. We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
SPEED. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
VALENTINE. Peace, villain!
SECOND OUTLAW. Tell us this: have you anything
to take to?
VALENTINE. Nothing, but my fortune.
THIRD OUTLAW. Know then, that some of us are
gentlemen, Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Such as the fury of ungovern a youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady, An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
SECOND OUTLAW. And I from Mantua, for a gentle-
man,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
FIRST OUTLAW. And I for such like petty crimes as
these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report 56
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—
SECOND OUTLAW. Indeed, because you are a banish'd
man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
THIRD OUTLAW. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of
our consort ?

Say 'ay', and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee, Love thee as our commander and our king.

FIRST OUTLAW. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

SECOND OUTLAW. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

VALENTINE. I take your offer and will live with you, Provided that you do no outrages On silly women, or poor passengers. THIRD OUTLAW. No; we detest such vile, base practices.

Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews, And show thee all the treasure we have got, Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.

Scene II .- Milan. The Court of the Duke's Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

PROTEUS. Already have I been false to Valentine, And now I must be as unjust to Thurio. Under the colour of commending him, I have access my own love to prefer: But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthless gifts. When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my falsehood to my friend; When to her beauty I commend my vows, She bids me think how I have been forsworn In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd: And notwithstanding all her sudden quips, The least whereof would quell a lover's hope, Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love, The more it grows, and fawneth on her still. But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window, And give some evening music to her ear. 17

Enter Thurio, and Musicians.

THURIO. How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

PROTEUS. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go. THURIO. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PROTEUS. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

132 TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA LACTIV
THURIO. Who? Silvia?
PROTEUS. Ay, Silvia, for your sake.
THURIO. I thank you for your own. Now, gentle-
men,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.
Enter Host and Julia behind. Julia in boy's clothes.
нозт. Now, my young guest, methinks you're
allycholly: I pray you, why is it?
JULIA. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be
merry.
HOST. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you
where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that
you asked for.
JULIA. But shall I hear him speak?
HOST. Ay, that you shall.
JULIA. That will be music. [Music plays.
HOST. Hark! hark! JULIA. Is he among these?
HOST. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.
The state of the s
SONG.
Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
10 11019 111111 01 1110 0111111111000,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.
HOST. How now! are you sadder than you were
before? How do you, man? the music likes you
not 101 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Why, my pretty youth?

JULIA. He plays false, father.
HOST. How? out of tune on the strings?
JULIA. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my
very heart-strings.
HOST. You have a quick ear. 64
JULIA. Ay; I would I were deaf; it makes me have
slow heart.
HOST. I perceive you delight not in music.
JULIA. Not a whit,—when it jars so. HOST. Hark! what fine change is in the music!
HOST. Hark! what fine change is in the music!
JULIA. Ay, that change is the spite.
HOST. You would have them always play but one
hing?
JULIA. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
HOST. I will tell you what Launce, his man, told
ne: he lov'd her out of all nick.
JULIA. Where is Launce?
HOST. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by
is master's command, he must carry for a present to
is lady.
JULIA. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
PROTEUS. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
hat you shall say my cunning drift excels. 84
THURIO. Where meet we?
PROTEUS. At Saint Gregory's well.
PROTEUS. At Saint Gregory's well. THURIO. Farewell. [Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.]
Enter Silvia above, at her window.
The state of the s
PROTEUS. Madam, good even to your ladyship. 88
SILVIA. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
PROTEUS. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PROTEUS. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

93

SILVIA. What is your will?
PROTEUS. That I may compass yours.
SILVIA. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
That presently you hie you home to bed. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
PROTEUS. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
JULIA. [Aside.] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
SILVIA. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
PROTEUS. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
SILVIA. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself my love is buried.
PROTEUS. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine. JULIA. [Aside.] He heard not that.
PROTEUS. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love. 128
JULIA. [Aside.] If 'twere a substance, you would,
sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
SILVIA I am very loath to be your idol sir:

But, since your falsehood shall become you well 132 To worship shadows and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning and I'll send it. And so, good rest.

PROTEUS. As wretches have o'er night

That wait for execution in the morn. [Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia, above.

Host, will you go?

Host, will you go?
By my halidom, I was fast asleep. HOST. JULIA. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis HOST. almost day.

JULIA. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

the draws the actual a series of a day

12

Scene III.—The Same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGLAMOUR. This is the hour that Madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind: There's some great matter she'd employ me in. Madam, Madam!

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Who calls? SILVIA.

EGLAMOUR. Your servant, and your friend; 4 One that attends your ladyship's command.

SILVIA. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good

EGLAMOUR. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

SILVIA. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman— Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not— Valiant, wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd Thou art not ignorant what dear good will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine.

SILVIA. At Friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession. EGLAMOUR. I will not fail your ladyship.

Good morrow, gentle lady. SILVIA. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

top All a male solomer de l'anniente

[Exeunt severally.

Scene IV .- The Same.

Enter LAUNCE with his dog.

LAUNCE. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to 4 it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus would I teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps 8 me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, 12 a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into 16 the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark—a pissing-while, but all the chamber smelt him.
'Out with the dog!' says one; 'What cur is that?' 20
says another; 'Whip him out,' says the third; 'Hang says another; Whip him out, says the third; Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 24 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How 28 many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise 32 he had suffered for 't'; thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me 36 heave up my leg and make water against a gentle-

100 11011111111111111111111111111111111
woman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such
a trick?
Enter Proteus, and Julia in boy's clothes.
PROTEUS. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.
JULIA. In what you please: I will do what I can.
PROTEUS. I hope thou wilt. [To LAUNCE.] How now,
The state of the s
Where have you been these two days loitering? 44
LAUNCE. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.
PROTEUS. And what says she to my little jewel?
LAUNCE. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur, and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present. 50
PROTEUS. But she received my dog?
LAUNCE. No, indeed, did she not: here have I
brought him back again. 53
PROTEUS. What! didst thou offer her this from me?
LAUNCE. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen
from me by the hangman boys in the market-place;
and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big
as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater. 58
PROTEUS. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog
again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end turns me to shame.
[Exit Launce.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee
Partly, that I have need of such a youth, 64
That can with some discretion do my business,
For't is no trusting to youd foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not.
Which, if my augury deceive me not, Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee.
or presentity, and take this ting with thee.

Deliver it to Madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

SCENE IV] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 139
JULIA. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She's dead, belike?
PROTEUS. Not so: I think, she lives.
JULIA. Alas! 76
PROTEUS. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?
JULIA. I cannot choose
But pity her.
PROTEUS. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?
JULIA. Because methinks that she lov'd you as
well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'
PROTEUS. Well, well, give her that ring and there-
withal
This letter: that's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber, 88
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit.
JULIA. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me; Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I—unhappy messenger—
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refus'd,
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true-confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.
, and the second

Enter SILVIA, attended. Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia. SILVIA. What would you with her, if that I be she? If you be she, I do entreat your patience To hear me speak the message I am sent on. SILVIA. From whom? JULIA. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam. SILVIA. O! he sends you for a picture? JULIA. Av. madam. SILVIA. Ursula, bring my picture there. [A picture brought. Go, give your master this: tell him from me, One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, Would better fit his chamber than this shadow. 120 JULIA. Madam, please you peruse this letter.— Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd Deliver'd you a paper that I should not: This is the letter to your ladyship.

SILVIA. I pray thee, let me look on that again. JULIA. It may not be: good madam, pardon me. SILVIA. There, hold. I will not look upon your master's lines: I know, they are stuff'd with protestations And full of new-found oaths, which he will break As easily as I do tear his paper. JULIA. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring. 132 SILVIA. The more shame for him that he sends it me: For, I have heard him say a thousand times, His Julia gave it him at his departure. Though his false finger have profan'd the ring, 136 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong. JULIA. She thanks you. SILVIA. What say'st thou? JULIA. I thank you, madam, that you tender her. Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much. SILVIA. Dost thou know her? JULIA. Almost as well as I do know myself:

SCENE IV]	TWO	GENTLEMEN	OF	VERONA	141
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To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
SILVIA. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook
her.
JULIA. I think she doth, and that's her cause of
sorrow.
SILVIA. Is she not passing fair?
JULIA. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass 152
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I. 156
SILVIA. How tall was she?
JULIA. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part, 160
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood;
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight; . 168
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow! 172
SILVIA. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.—
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this 176
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.
JULIA. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you
know her.— [Exit Silvia, with Attendants. A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful. 130
21 virtuous gentiewoman, initu and peautiful. 189

142 TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA [ACT IV, SC. IV

I hope my master's suit will be but cold, Since she respects my mistress' love so much. Alas, how love can trifle with itself! Here is her picture: let me see; I think, If I had such a tire, this face of mine Were full as lovely as is this of hers; And yet the painter flatter'd her a little. Unless I flatter with myself too much. Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow: If that be all the difference in his love I'll get me such a colour'd periwig. Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine: Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high. What should it be that he respects in her But I can make respective in myself, If this fond Love were not a blinded god? Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up, For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form! Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd, And, were there sense in his idolatry, My substance should be statue in thy stead. I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow, I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes, To make my master out of love with thee.

ACT V.

Scene I.-Milan. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGLAMOUR. The sun begins to gild the western sky, And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, a happy evening!

SILVIA. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour, 8 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.

I fear I am attended by some spies.

EGLAMOUR. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off: If we recover that, we're sure enough.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

THURIO. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit? PROTEUS. O, sir, I find her milder than she was; And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THURIO. What! that my leg is too long? PROTEUS. No, that it is too little.

THURIO. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

JULIA. [Aside.] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

THURIO. What says she to my face?

PROTEUS. She says it is a fair one.

THURIO. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

PROTEUS. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is, 'Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.' 12
JULIA. [Aside.] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

THURIO. How likes she my discourse?

PROTEUS. Ill, when you talk of war.
THURIO. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

JULIA. [Aside.] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

THURIO. What says she to my valour?

PROTEUS. O. sir. she makes no doubt of that. 20 JULIA. [Aside.] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

THURIO. What says she to my birth? PROTEUS. That you are well deriv'd. JULIA. [Aside.] True; from a gentleman to a fool. 24 THURIO. Considers she my possessions? PROTEUS. O, ay; and pities them. THURIO. Wherefore? JULIA. [Aside.] That such an ass should owe them. 28 PROTEUS. That they are out by lease.
JULIA. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio! Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

THURIO. Not I. PROTEUS. Nor I. DUKE. Saw you my daughter? PROTEUS. Neither. DUKE. Why then, She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine, And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both, As he in penance wander'd through the forest; Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she, But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; Besides, she did intend confession At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not. These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence. Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse, 44 But mount you presently and meet with me Upon the rising of the mountain-foot, That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled. Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [Exit. THURIO. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl, That flies her fortune when it follows her. I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit. PROTEUS. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love

SCENE II] TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 145

Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [Exit. JULIA. And I will follow, more to cross that love Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [Exit.

Scene III.—Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.

FIRST OUTLAW. Come, come,

Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

SILVIA. A thousand more mischances than this one Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

SECOND OUTLAW. Come, bring her away.

FIRST OUTLAW. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

THIRD OUTLAW. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us:

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood; There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled: The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

[Excunt all except the First Outlaw and Silvia. FIRST OUTLAW. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SILVIA. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

VALENTINE. How use doth breed a habit in a man! This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing peopled towns. Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless. Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall And leave no memory of what it was! Repair me with thy presence, Silvia! Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! [Noise within.

What halloing and what stir is this to-day? These are my mates, that make their wills their law, Have some unhappy passenger in chase. They love me well; yet I have much to do To keep them from uncivil outrages. Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [Steps aside.

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

PROTEUS. Madam, this service I have done for you— Though you respect not aught your servant doth-To hazard life and rescue you from him That would have forc'd your honour and your love. Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look; A smaller boon than this I cannot beg, And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. VALENTINE. [Aside.] How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. SILVIA. O, miserable, unhappy that I am! 28
PROTEUS. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy. SILVIA. By thy approach thou mak'st me most

unhappy. JULIA. [Aside.] And me, when he approacheth to your presence. 32

SILVIA. Had I been seized by a hungry lion, I would have been a breakfast to the beast. Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. O! heaven be judge how I love Valentine, Whose life's as tender to me as my soul, And full as much—for more there cannot be-I do detest false perjur'd Proteus. Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

PROTEUS. What dangerous action, stood it next to death.

Would I not undergo for one calm look!

O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd! 44
SILVIA. When Proteus cannot love where he's

belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love, For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith Into a thousand oaths: and all those oaths Descended into perjury to love me. Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,

And that's far worse than none: better have none Than plural faith which is too much by one. Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PROTEUS. In love

Who respects friend?

All men but Proteus.

PROTEUS. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words Can no way change you to a milder form, I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,

And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ve.

SILVIA. O heaven!

I'll force thee yield to my desire. PROTEUS. VALENTINE. [Coming forward.] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch:

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Valentine!

VALENTINE. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love-

For such is a friend now—treach'rous man! Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: naught but mine eye 64 Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me. Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus, I am sorry I must never trust thee more, But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deep'st. O time most curst! 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst! 72

PROTEUS. My shame and guilt confound me. Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here: I do as truly suffer
76 As e'er I did commit. VALENTINE. Then, I am paid; And once again I do receive thee honest. Who by repentance is not satisfied Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd. 80 By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: And, that my love may appear plain and free, All that was mine in Silvia I give thee. JULIA. O me unhappy! [Swoons. PROTEUS. Look to the boy. 85 VALENTINE. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! wnat's the matter?

ook up; speak.

JULIA. O good sir, my master charg'd me

88 Look up; speak. To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, Which out of my neglect was never done.

PROTEUS. Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.

PROTEUS. How! let me see.

92 Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JULIA. O, cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring. PROTEUS. But how cam'st thou by this ring? 96 At my depart I gave this unto Julia. JULIA. And Julia herself did give it me; And Julia herself hath brought it hither. PROTEUS. How! Julia! JULIA. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain'd them deeply in her heart: How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush. Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

108 Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

PROTEUS. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man But constant, he were perfect: that one error Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins: Inconstancy falls off ere it begins. What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye? VALENTINE. Come, come, a hand from either. Let me be blest to make this happy close: 'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes. PROTEUS. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish, for ever. JULIA. And I mine. Enter Outlaws with DUKE and THURIO. OUTLAW. A prize! a prize! a prize! VALENTINE. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke. Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd, Banished Valentine. Sir Valentine! THURIO. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine. VALENTINE. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death: Come not within the measure of my wrath; Do not name Silvia thine; if once again, Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands; Take but possession of her with a touch; I dare thee but to breathe upon my love. THURIO. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I. I hold him but a fool that will endanger His body for a girl that loves him not: I claim her not, and therefore she is thine. DUKE. The more degenerate and base art thou, 136 To make such means for her as thou hast done, And leave her on such slight conditions. Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

140

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
VALENTINE. I thank your Grace; the gift hath
made me happy.
I now beseach you for your daughter's sake
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
DUKE. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
VALENTINE. These banish'd men, that I have kept
withal, 152
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
DUKE. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and
thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
VALENTINE. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him: he
blushes.
VALENTINE. I warrant you, my lord, more grace
than boy.
DUKE. What mean you by that saying?
VALENTINE. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass
along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours; 172
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [Exeunt.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

INTRODUCTION

In 1602 was published a quarto edition of the Merry Wives, very much shorter than the play which appeared in the first folio (1623), and differing from it in many other particulars. Some critics have supposed that the text of 1602 represents imperfectly a first version of the play, which was afterwards recast as we find it in the text given by Shakespeare's fellows, Heminge and Condell. The weight of authority, however, now inclines to the opinion that the earlier text is a mangled and imperfect rendering of the play as we are familiar with it; that we have here a pirated edition made up from notes taken in shorthand at the theatre, or from copy supplied by an actor, possibly the Host, with gaps filled in by another hand than that of the author. can hardly be questioned, however, that certain alterations were made in the text, that the quarto sometimes represents more truly than the folio text what Shakespeare had originally written, and that certain omissions were made, probably for the purposes of acting, in the folio version, which at least to some slight extent can be supplied from the quarto. Mr. Greg argues that the play has not come down to us in its original shape, but in a revision shortly antedating the appearance of the first quarto.

The date at which the Merry Wives was written cannot be determined with certainty, but there are good reasons for assigning it to the year 1598 or 1599. It is linked, of course, to the historical plays in which Falstaff appears in person or through narration, King Henry IV and King Henry V, and there can be little doubt that 1599 is the date of the latter of these. Whether our play

was written immediately after the second part of Henry IV or immediately after Henry V we cannot be sure; nor indeed, except for those who are concerned about insoluble questions, does the answer to such a question as this greatly matter. Let us agree with those critics who hold that it followed the second part of Henry IV and was hastily written in 1598, and let us not quarrel with those who place it a year later.

The tradition that the Merry Wives was commanded by Queen Elizabeth, who desired to see Falstaff in love, and that Shakespeare accomplished his task in fourteen days, cannot be traced backwards beyond the years 1702-9; but it may have descended through Davenant and Dryden to Dennis, Gildon, and Rowe, or may have been heard in Warwickshire by Betterton, in his wanderings to gather information concerning Shakespeare. There is another tradition, which has a certain bearing on the date of the play, that which

Davenant and Dryden to Dennis, Gildon, and Rowe, or may have been heard in Warwickshire by Betterton, in his wanderings to gather information concerning Shakespeare. There is another tradition, which has a certain bearing on the date of the play, that which represents Sir Thomas Lucy as having treated the youthful Shakespeare with severity for having loved his bucks and does not wisely but too well. Here Justice Shallow is indignant with Falstaff for his audacities as a poacher. Shallow has no resemblance to the veritable Sir Thomas Lucy; but the jest suggested by Shallow's coat of arms—the white luces which Evans transforms to louses—may be a shaft flung more in sport than vengeance by Shakespeare at his early pursuer. Now this jest might pass well in 1598 or 1599, but not in the second half of the following year, for then Sir Thomas was dead.

The special characteristic of the play, as it stands among Shakespeare's comedies, is that the scene and the persons are English; but the misadventures of Falstaff are in part suggested by the novella writers of Italy. It is not possible here to trace all the variants of the story in which a man professes love to two or three women and is beguiled by them. The Italian Straparola told such a tale (the suggestion for which he had found in Giovanni Fiorentino's Il Pecorone) in his Tredici Piaccevoli Notti, and this was translated

into English in Painter's Palace of Pleasure (i. 49). But here the aspirant lover is not a greybeard like Falstaff; he is a young student of Bologna, and in the end he has his revenge upon the three ladies who beguiled him. A story in which the lover confides his adventures and misadventures to the jealous husband, as Falstaff does to Ford, is found in Il Pecorone, and he is on one occasion hidden under a heap of clothes just come from the tub. The tale, with variations, is substantially repeated in Straparola's Piaccevoli Notti (IV. iv), and an English version of this form of the tale appeared at a date earlier by several years than Shakespeare's play in Tarlton's News out of Purgatorie. For the story of Anne Page and her three suitors some hints may have been derived from an old play-but unfortunately a play of unascertained date—Wily Beguiled. The fairy scene, which redeems the Merry Wives from being wholly bourgeois and prosaic, is of Shakespeare's own devising, with perhaps a recollection of the pinching of Corsites by fairies in Lyly's Endymion.

A visit of the prospective Duke of Würtemberg—then only Count Mümpelgart—to Windsor in 1592 gave the suggestion for the passage (IV. V) in which the Host of the Garter Inn is alarmed by the report—probably a hoax—that three 'cozen-germans', or as the quarto has it, 'cosen-garmombles,' have made away with his horses. 'Garmombles' is an obvious turn given to the name Mümpelgart. The Count had received an order from the Court for post-horses, for which he was to pay nothing. As Duke he sought, in 1595, to obtain the Order of the Garter. His name would be well remembered at Windsor, and accordingly the allusion by no means implies that the date of the play is 1592. The order for horses printed in English is given in the second edition (1603) of the German record of this distinguished visitor'stravels, composed by his secretary.

It lies before me as I write.

It is evident that Shakespeare—encouraged by the royal command—wrote the *Merry Wives* with spirit. Every scene gives proof of this. But he was not

persuaded to exhibit Falstaff in love; he does not in fact exhibit his original Falstaff at all. The characteristic of his great humorous creation in the historical plays is that, however clearly detected and exposed, Falstaff saves himself with incomparable buoyancy, and is unsubduable; but here he is the fatuous victim of two women, is subjected to physical outrage, and never for a moment is victorious through his readiness and his wit. And as for love, he is incapable of loving anything except his own ease and self-interest; the purses of Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford are dearer to him than their hearts or their persons. Except for a mere external likeness we cannot identify the Falstaff of the Merry Wives with the fat knight of the historical plays. The farcical comedy would have run as merrily if the gulled hero, who is no hero, had borne any other name than that of Falstaff. Nor can we identify the Mrs. Quickly of the Merry Wives with the hostess of the Eastcheap Tavern. She is an excellent comedy

figure, but she is a new one.

We may regard the play in either of two ways. If we view it as an offshoot of the historical plays, we can only deplore the necessity under which Shakespeare lay of degrading his hero. But we may consider its merits as those of a substantially independent bourgeois comedy, for which hints were derived from King Henry IV, and then we can appreciate its rough merriment, its character of English realism, its familiar prose, so suitable to that realism, and the local colour of the Windsor scene. In that cheap fun derived from murdering the King's English by the Welsh schoolmaster and the French doctor it has something in common with King Henry V. Bardolph and Pistol supply the kind of diversion that was expected of them. Shallow is not the genial Shallow of the second part of Henry IV, but we have to thank him for his cousin Slender. Except Falstaff himself, no character in the Merry Wives has been more popular than this most incompetent of lovers. He hovers delightfully on the brink of nonentity, and needs the promptings of Shallow

or the wise suggestions of his Book of Riddles to give him his full substance and force. We require no clown in this piece, for we have something more exquisite in the youth whom Anne cannot but surmise to be a fool, and who, when he has grown some years older, may walk arm-in-arm in our fancy with Sir Andrew Ague-

Let us then forget for a while the charm of Shakespeare's romantic comedies, let us even forget his highest humour, which deals with the deeper incongruities of human nature and human life, and view the play with its broad effects of rough-and-tumble mirth as genially as we are able. Let us leave ill-temper to Master Ford, and enjoy as frankly as in all probability did the Virgin Queen the triumphs of womanhood over the arts of a mercenary adventurer who assumes the name and the person of Sir John, the immortal humorist. The victories are not all at his cost. Honest Master Page and his buxom wife are beguiled by that bright piece of English girlhood, sweet Anne Page. Sir Hugh Evans, lord of his grammar-school, is befooled by his terrors of the duel. Dr. Caius is mocked as a Frenchman on English soil of course ought to be. Mine Host of the Garter is not so wise as to guess that his horses never have in fact been stolen. Ford is for a time cheated out of his cherished jealousy. Slender finds that by his ingenious 'mumbudget' he has won a great lubberly boy. Sir John has his companions in misfortune, and ought to be able to smile at his past sorrows.

'Good husband,' cries Mrs. Page.

'let us every one go home And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.'

And meanwhile we are breathing the fresh English air. 'We have,' wrote Cowden Clarke, 'the meeting of Shallow and Slender and Page in the streets of Windsor, who saunter on, chatting of the "fallow greyhound", and of his being "outrun at Cotsall"...

Anne brings wine out of doors to them; though her father, with the genuine feeling of old English hospitality, presses them to come into his house, and enjoy it "with a hot venison pasty to dinner". And she afterwards comes out into the garden to bid Master Slender to table, where, we may imagine, he has been lounging about in the hope of the fresh air relieving his sheepish embarrassment... We hear of her being at a "farmhouse a-feasting"; and we have Mrs. Page leading her little boy William to school; and Sir Hugh Evans sees people coming "from Frogmore over the stile" this way; and we find that Master Ford "is this morning gone a-birding". It is in the same genial spirit that Hartley Coleridge criticizes the play: 'The merry wives are a delightful pair. Methinks I see them, with their comely middle-aged visages, their full farthingales, their neat though not over-slim waists, their housewifely keys, their girdles, their sly laughing looks, their apple-red cheeks, their brows, the lines whereon look more like the work of mirth than years. And sweet Anne Page—she is a pretty little creature, wards comes out into the garden to bid Master Slender And sweet Anne Page—she is a pretty little creature, whom one would like to take on one's knee. And poor Slender, how pathetically he fancies himself into love; how tearfully laughable he is in his disappointment, ... how delightful is his valour! How finely he sets forth his achievement to pretty Anne!—"I have seen Sackerson loose." Othello could not brag more amorously.'

It is—with a full recognition of the fact that here we

have almost farce and not romantic comedy-in this

spirit that the play should be criticized.

The duration of the action has caused much casting about of brains. A reader concerned about a matter in which Shakespeare was a juggler, who was satisfied if he beguiled his spectators into belief, may be advised to consult Mr. Daniel's Time-analysis of Shakespeare's plays in the New Shakspere's Society's publications, together with the comments and corrections of this in H. B. Wheatley's edition of J. F. Stanford's notes on the play (1886) and those in the 'First Folio Edition' of Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke (New York).

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, a young Gentleman.
SHALLOW, a Country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
FORD,
PAGE, two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh Parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French Physician.
HOST of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, Followers of Falstaff.
ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.
RUGBY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.

MISTRESS PAGE.

ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, Servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene.-Windsor; and the Neighbourhood.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

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ACT I.

Scene I.—Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow. esquire.

SLENDER. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace,

and 'coram'.

SHALLOW. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'cust-alorum'.

SLENDER. Ay, and 'rato-lorum' too; and a gentle-man born, Master Parson; who writes himself 'armigero' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,armigero.

SHALLOW. Ay, that I do; and have done any time

these three hundred years.

SLENDER. All his successors gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

SHALLOW. It is an old coat.

EVANS. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

SHALLOW. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish

is an old coat.

SLENDER. I may quarter, coz?

SHALLOW. You may, by marrying. EVANS. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

SHALLOW. Not a whit.

EVANS. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your

coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you. SHALLOW. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

EVANS. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to

hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

SHALLOW. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

EVANS. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

SLENDER. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown

hair, and speaks small like a woman.

EVANS. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, -Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

SHALLOW. Did her grandsire leave her seven hun-

dred pound?

EVANS. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

SHALLOW. I know the young gentlewoman; she

has good gifts.

EVANS. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts. SHALLOW. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is

Falstaff there?

EVANS. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and,

sc. 1] THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 161

I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

PAGE. [Within.] Who's there?

EVANS. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank

you for my venison, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good Mistress Page ?- and I thank you always with my heart. la! with my heart.

PAGE. Sir, I thank you.

SHALLOW. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do. PAGE. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender. SLENDER. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

PAGE. It could not be judged, sir.

SLENDER. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

SHALLOW. That he will not: 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault. 'Tis a good dog.

PAGE. A cur, sir.

SHALLOW. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

PAGE. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do

a good office between you.

EVANS. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak. SHALLOW. He hath wronged me, Master Page. 100

PAGE. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

SHALLOW. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath,—believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged. 105

PAGE. Here comes Sir John.

SH. I

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

FALSTAFF. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of e to the king?

SHALLOW. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed me to the king?

my deer, and broke open my lodge.

FALSTAFF. But not kissed your keeper's daughter? SHALLOW. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered. 112 FALSTAFF. I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answered.

SHALLOW. The Council shall know this.

FALSTAFF. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

EVANS. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

FALSTAFF. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me? SLENDER. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

BARDOLPH. You Banbury cheese!

SLENDER. Ay, it is no matter.
PISTOL. How now, Mephistophilus!

SLENDER. Ay, it is no matter.

NYM. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that's my humour.

my humour.

SLENDER. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

EVANS. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is-Master Page, fidelicet, Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

PAGE. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

EVANS. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can. FALSTAFF. Pistol!

PISTOL. He hears with ears.

EVANS. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? Why, it is affectations.

FALSTAFF. Pistol. did vou pick Master Slender's purse?

SLENDER. Ay, by these gloves, did he,-or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

FALSTAFF. Is this true, Pistol?

EVANS. No: it is false, if it is a pick-purse. 156 PISTOL. Ha, thou mountain foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.

Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest. SLENDER. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

NYM. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, 'marry trap,' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

SLENDER. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

FALSTAFF. What say you, Scarlet and John? 168 BARDOLPH. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

EVANS. It is his 'five senses'; fie, what the ignorance is!

BARDOLPH. And being fap, sir, was, as they say,

cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

SLENDER. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

EVANS. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind. 180 FALSTAFF. You hear all these matters denied, gentle-

men; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with Wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS Page.

PAGE. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.

SLENDER. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

PAGE. How now, Mistress Ford! 186

FALSTAFF. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her. PAGE. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. 191

[Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans. slender. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

SIMPLE. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-Hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

SHALLOW. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

SLENDER. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable:

if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

SHALLOW. Nay, but understand me.

SLENDER. So I do, sir.

EVANS. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender:

I will description the matter to you, if you pe capacity of it.

SLENDER. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

EVANS. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

SHALLOW. Av. there's the point, sir.

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EVANS. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon

any reasonable demands.

EVANS. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

SHALLOW. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love

SLENDER. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

EVANS. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

That you must. Will you, upon good SHALLOW.

dowry, marry her?

SLENDER. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

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SHALLOW. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet

coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

SLENDER. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

EVANS. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely.' His meaning is goot. 249 SHALLOW. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

SLENDER. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la. ! 252

SHALLOW. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne.

ANNE. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company. SHALLOW. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

EVANS. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at

the grace. [Exeunt Shallow and Evans. ANNE. Will't please your worship to come in, sir? SLENDER. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

ANNE. The dinner attends you, sir. 263

SLENDER. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

SLENDER. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as

much as though I did.

ANNE. I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLENDER. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I

bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes;—and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

ANNE. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of. SLENDER. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not? 284

ANNE. Ay, indeed, sir.

SLENDER. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLENDER. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

PAGE. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir!

come. come.

SLENDER. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE. Come on, sir.

SLENDER. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

SLENDER. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE. I pray you, sir.

SLENDER. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [Excunt.

Scene II.—The Same.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

EVANS. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his try nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

SIMPLE. Well, sir.

EVANS. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and seese to come.

[Exeunt.

Scene III .- A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

FALSTAFF. Mine host of the Garter!

HOST. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

FALSTAFF. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

HOST. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

FALSTAFF. I sit at ten pounds a week. HOST. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

FALSTAFF. Do so, good mine host.

HOST. I have spoke; let him follow. [To BARDOLPH.] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word: follow.

FALSTAFF. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.
BARDOLPH. It is a life that I have desired. I will

thrive.

PISTOL. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [Exit BARDOLPH.

NYM. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour

FALSTAFF. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time. 27

NYM. The good humour is to steal at a minim's

rest.

PISTOL. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!

FALSTAFF. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels. 32

PISTOL. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

FALSTAFF. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

PISTOL. Young ravens must have food. FALSTAFF. Which of you know Ford of this town? PISTOL. I ken the wight: he is of substance good. FALSTAFF. My honest lads, I will tell you what I

am about.

PISTOL. Two yards, and more.

FALSTAFF. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and

the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.' 49
PISTOL. He hath studied her well, and translated

her well, out of honesty into English.

NYM. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass? 52 FALSTAFF. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.
PISTOL. As many devils entertain, and 'To her,

boy', say I.

NYM. The humour rises; it is good: humour me

the angels.

FALSTAFF. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious ceilliades: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PISTOL. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

NYM. I thank thee for that humour.

FALSTAFF. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be 'cheator to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PISTOL. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, 76 And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

NYM. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the haviour of reputation. FALSTAFF. [To Robin.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these

letters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues: myself and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

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PISTOL. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor.

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

NYM. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

PISTOL. Wilt thou revenge?

NYM. By welkin and her star!

PISTOL. With wit or steel?

NYM. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page. 96 PISTOL. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

NYM. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

PISTOL. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Excunt.

SCENE IV .- A Room in Doctor Caius's House,

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY and SIMPLE.

QUICKLY. What, John Rugby!-

Enter Rugby

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

RUGBY. I'll go watch.

QUICKLY. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish

SC. IVI THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 171

that way, but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

SIMPLE. Ay, for fault of a better.

QUICKLY. And Master Slender's your master? 16 SIMPLE. Av. forsooth.

QUICKLY. Does he not wear a great round beard like a glover's paring-knife?

glover's paring-knife?
SIMPLE. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wheyface, with a little yellow beard-a cane-coloured beard. QUICKLY. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

SIMPLE. Ay, for sooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head: he hath

fought with a warrener.

QUICKLY. How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

SIMPLE. Yes, indeed, does he. QUICKLY. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish-

Re-enter Rughy.

RUGBY. Out, alas! here comes my master. 33 QUICKLY. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. [Exit RUGBY.

[Sings.] 'And down, down, adown-a,' &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

CAIUS. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet une boitine verde; a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

QUICKLY. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

CAIUS. Fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

QUICKLY. Is it this, sir?

CAIUS. Oui; mettez le au mon pocket; dépêchez, quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

QUICKLY. What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter Rugby.

RUGBY. Here, sir.
CAIUS. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

RUGBY. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

CAIUS. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! Qu'ay j'oublié? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

QUICKLY. [Aside.] Ay me! he'll find the young man

there, and be mad.

CAIUS. O diable! diable! vat is in my closet?-Villain! larron! [Pulling SIMPLE out.] Rugby, my rapier!

QUICKLY. Good master, be content.

CAIUS. Verefore shall I be content-a?

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QUICKLY. The young man is an honest man.

CAIUS. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet. 71 QUICKLY. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

CAIUS. Vell.

SIMPLE. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—quickly. Peace, I pray you.

CAIUS. Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale. SIMPLE. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

QUICKLY. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put

my finger in the fire, and need not.

CAIUS. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baillez me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. [Writes. QUICKLY. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been

throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud,

and so melancholy. But, notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

SIMPLE. 'Tis a great charge to come under one

body's hand.

QUICKLY. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, that 's neither here nor there.

CAIUS. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de Park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[Exit SIMPLE.

QUICKLY. Alas! he speaks but for his friend. 109 CAIUS. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jartiere to measure our weapon. By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page

I vill myself have Anne Page.

QUICKLY. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-ier!

CAIUS. Rugby, come to the court vit me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt Calus and Rugby.

QUICKLY. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENTON. [Within.] Who's within there? ho!

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QUICKLY. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

FENTON. How now, good woman! how dost thou? QUICKLY. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

FENTON. What news? how does pretty Mistress

Anne?

QUICKLY. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it. 136 FENTON. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall

I not lose my suit?

QUICKLY. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

FENTON. Yes, marry have I; what of that? 143 QUICKLY. Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company; -but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing. But for you—well, go to. 149
FENTON. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's

money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me. 152

QUICKLY. Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

FENTON. Well, farewell: I am in great haste now. QUICKLY. Farewell to your worship.— [Exit Fenton.] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot? [Exit. and the property of the second policies of th

ACT II.

Scene I.—Before Page's House.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a Letter.

MRS. PAGE. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say nity me 'tis not a soldier like above here. say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me.

> Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might With an ms Light, For thee to fight, John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! one that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked, with the devil's name! out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

MRS. PAGE. And, trust me, I was coming to you.

You look very ill.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

MRS. PAGE. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MRS. FORD. Well, I do then; yet, I say I could show you to the contrary. O, Mistress Page! give me some counsel.

MRS. PAGE. What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MRS. PAGE. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

MRS. FORD. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

MRS. PAGE. What? thou liest. Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

MRS. FORD. We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves'. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

MRS. PAGE. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this

mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, sure more, and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

MRS. FORD. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

MRS. PAGE. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

MRS. FORD. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

MRS. PAGE. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him': let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MRS. PAGE. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

MRS. FORD. You are the happier woman. MRS. PAGE. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. They retire.

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM. FORD. Well, I hope it be not so.

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PISTOL. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs: 108 Sir John affects thy wife.

FORD. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

PISTOL. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, with the present of the man and draw about

Both young and old, one with another, Ford. He loves the galimaufry: Ford, perpend.

FORD. Love my wife!
PISTOL. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Actaon he, with Ringwood at thy heels. O! odious is the name!
FORD. What name, sir?

PISTOL. The horn, I say. Farewell:

Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night: 120

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. FORD. [Aside.] I will be patient: I will find out this. NYM. [To PAGE.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit.

PAGE. [Aside.] 'The humour of it,' quoth'a! here's

a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

FORD. I will seek out Falstaff. PAGE. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

FORD. If I do find it: well.

PAGE. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. 140 FORD. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

PAGE. How now, Meg!

MRS. PAGE. Whither go you, George?—Hark you. MRS. FORD. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

FORD. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get

you home, go.

MRS. FORD. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy

head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. Have with you. You'll come to dinner,
George? [Aside to MRS. FORD.] Look, who comes yonder:
she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

MRS. FORD. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll
fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

MRS. PAGE. You are come to see my daughter Anne? QUICKLY. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

MRS. PAGE. Go in with us, and see: we'd have an

hour's talk with you.

Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress Quickly. PAGE. How now, Master Ford! 160
FORD. You heard what this knave told me, did

you not ? wall buy have you have the wall to the PAGE. Yes; and you heard what the other told me? FORD. Do you think there is truth in them? 164

PAGE. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD. Were they his men?

PAGE. Marry, were they.

FORD. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

PAGE. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

FORD. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing 'lie on my head': I cannot be thus satisfied.

PAGE. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.—

Enter Host and Shallow.

How now, mine host!

HOST. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman.

Cavaliero-justice, I say!

SHALLOW. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

HOST. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully-

rook.

SHALLOW. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor. FORD. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with vou.

HOST. What sayest thou, my bully-rook? 196

[They go aside.

SHALLOW. [To PAGE.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. 201

[They go aside. Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

FORD. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest.

HOST. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, mynheers? 209

SHALLOW. Have with you, mine host.

PAGE. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier. 212

SHALLOW. Tut, sir! I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

HOST. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

PAGE. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.

FORD. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Scene II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

FALSTAFF. I will not lend thee a penny. PISTOL. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

I will retort the sum in equipage.

FALSTAFF. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not. PISTOL. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not

fifteen pence?

FALSTAFF. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you: go: a short knife and a throng!—to your manor of Pichthatch! go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of mine honour precise. I, I, I, myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue,

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will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you! 29
PISTOL. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of

Enter ROBIN.

ROBIN. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you. FALSTAFF. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

QUICKLY. Give your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF. Good morrow, good wife.

QUICKLY. Not so, an't please your worship.

FALSTAFF. Good maid, then. 36
QUICKLY. I'll be sworn

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

FALSTAFF. I do believe the swearer. What with me? QUICKLY. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

FALSTAFF. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll

vouchsafe thee the hearing.

QUICKLY. There is one Mistress Ford, sir,—I pray. come a little nearer this ways:-I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius. 46

FALSTAFF. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,— QUICKLY. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

FALSTAFF. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine

own people, mine own people.

QUICKLY. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants! 53
FALSTAFF. Well: Mistress Ford; what of her?

QUICKLY. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

FALSTAFF. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

QUICKLY. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis

wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly-all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

FALSTAFF. But what says she to me? be brief, my

good she-Mercury.

QUICKLY. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

FALSTAFF. Ten and eleven?

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QUICKLY. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

FALSTAFF. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

QUICKLY. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes

there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; ves, in truth.

FALSTAFF. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

QUICKLY. Blessing on your heart for 't!

FALSTAFF. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has
Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

QUICKLY. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick, indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is You must send her your page; no remedy. 120

FALSTAFF. Why, I will.

QUICKLY. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

FALSTAFF. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.-Boy, go along with this woman. - [Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN.] This news distracts me. 132

PISTOL. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights; Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm them

FALSTAFF. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I sc. 11] THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 185

thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH, with a cup of Sack.

BARDOLPH. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

FALSTAFF, Brook is his name?

BARDOLPH. Ay, sir.

FALSTAFF. Call him in. [Exit BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

FORD. Bless you, sir! FALSTAFF. And you, sir; would you speak with me? FORD. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you. 155

FALSTAFF. You're welcome. What's your will ?-Give us leave, drawer. Exit BARDOLPH.

FORD. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

FALSTAFF. Good Master Brook, I desire more

acquaintance of you.

FORD. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FALSTAFF. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on. FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FALSTAFF. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to

be your porter.

FORD. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FALSTAFF. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be

glad to be your servant.

FORD. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you, and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

FALSTAFF. Very well, sir; proceed.

FORD. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her

husband's name is Ford.

FALSTAFF. Well, sir.

FORD. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this.

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues; Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

FALSTAFF. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

FORD. Never.

FALSTAFF. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

FORD. Never.

FALSTAFF. Of what quality was your love, then? FORD. Like a fair house built upon another man's

ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FALSTAFF. To what purpose have you unfolded this

to me?

all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FALSTAFF. O, sir!

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spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

you; if any man may, you may as soon as any. 234
FALSTAFF. Would it apply well to the vehemency
of your affection, that I should win what you would
enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very pre-

posterously.

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FORD. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

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FALSTAFF. Master Brook, I will first make bold with

FALSTAFF. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD. O good sir!
FALSTAFF. I say you shall.

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FORD. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

FALSTAFF. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

FORD. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you

know Ford, sir?

FALSTAFF. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

FORD. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might

avoid him, if you saw him.

I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [Exit.

My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold!

the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

Scene III.—A Field near Windsor.

Enter Calus and Rugby.

CAIUS. Jack Rugby!

RUGBY. Sir?

CAIUS. Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUGBY. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

CAIUS. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come. RUGBY. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship

would kill him, if he came.

CAIUS. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUGBY. Alas, sir! I cannot fence. CAIUS. Villany, take your rapier. RUGBY. Forbear: here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

HOST. Bless thee, bully doctor!
SHALLOW. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!
PAGE. Now, good Master doctor!
SLENDER. Give you good morrow, sir.

CAIUS. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

HOST. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

CAIUS. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de

vorld; he is not show his face.

HOST. Thou art a Castilian King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

CAIUS. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

SHALLOW. He is the wiser man, Master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

PAGE. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a

great fighter, though now a man of peace.

SHALLOW. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

PAGE. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master doctor.

ноят. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mockwater.

CAIUS. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

HOST. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

CAIUS. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as

sc. III] THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 191

de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

HOST. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

CAIUS. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?.

HOST. That is, he will make thee amends.

CAIUS. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag. CAIUS. Me tank you for dat.

HOST. And moreover, bully,—But first, Master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.

PAGE. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

HOST. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

SHALLOW. We will do it.

PAGE, SHALLOW, AND SLENDER. Adieu, good Master doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

CAIUS. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

HOST. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

HOST. For the which I will be thy adversary

toward Anne Page: said I well?

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

HOST. Let us wag, then.

CAIUS. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Excunt.

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ACT III.

Scene I .- A Field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

EVANS. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

SIMPLE. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the

town way.

EVANS. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

SIMPLE. I will, sir.

EVANS. Pless my soul! how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the 'ork: pless my soul! [Sings.]

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow-

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [Sings.

Melodious birds sing madrigals,— When as I sat in Pabylon,— And a thousand vagram posies. To shallow,—

Re-enter SIMPLE.

SIMPLE. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh. EVANS. He's welcome. [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—what weapons is he?

SIMPLE. No weapons, sir. There comes my master. Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

EVANS. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [Reads in a book.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

SHALLOW. How now, Master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice. and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLENDER, [Aside.] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

PAGE. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

EVANS. Pless you from His mercy sake, all of you! SHALLOW. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, Master Parson?

PAGE. And youthful still in your doublet and hose! this raw rheumatic day?

EVANS. There is reasons and causes for it.

PAGE. We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson.

EVANS. Fery well: what is it?

PAGE. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw. The second of the sec

SHALLOW. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning. so wide of his own respect.

EVANS. What is he?

PAGE. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

EVANS. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

PAGE. Why?

EVANS. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal. 64

PAGE. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him, and how are commerced to be a second

SH. I

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SLENDER. [Aside.] O, sweet Anne Page! SHALLOW. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius. COUNTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PART

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

PAGE. Nay, good Master parson, keep in your weapon.

SHALLOW. So do you, good Master doctor. HOST. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

CAIUS. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

EVANS. [Aside to Carus.] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

CAIUS. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

EVANS. [Aside to Carus.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: [Aloud.] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

CAIUS. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarretierre—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

EVANS. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

HOST. Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia; French

and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

CAIUS. Ay, dat is very good; excellent. 95 HOST. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so;—give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole,

and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

SHALLOW. Trust me, a mad host !- Follow, gentle-

men, follow.

SLENDER. [Aside.] O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.

caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

EVANS. This is well; he has made us his vloutingstog. I desire you that we may be friends and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

EVANS. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—A Street in Windsor.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

MRS. PAGE. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROBIN. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like

a man than follow him like a dwarf.

MRS. PAGE. O! you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

MRS. PAGE. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MRS. PAGE. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

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FORD. Where had you this pretty weathercock? MRS. PAGE. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROBIN. Sir John Falstaff. FORD. Sir John Falstaff!

MRS. PAGE. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

FORD. Indeed she is.

MRS. PAGE. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I

see her. [Exeunt Mistress Page and Robin. FORD. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots! they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

word Weller New Phys. Wellingsons? Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

PAGE, SHALLOW, &c. Well met, Master Ford. 48 FORD. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

SHALLOW. I must excuse myself, Master Ford. 51 SLENDER. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break

with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHALLOW. We have lingered about a match between
Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

SLENDER. I hope I have your good will, father

Page.

PAGE. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, Master doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

HOST. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

PAGE. Not by my consent, I promise you. gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Pointz; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way. 76 FORD. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home

with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

SHALLOW. Well, fare you well: we shall have the

freer wooing at Master Page's.

[Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.

CAIUS. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. 84 Exit Rugby.

HOST. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [Exit Host. FORD. [Aside.] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

ALL. Have with you to see this monster. [Exeunt.

be some all a file a figure out party

Scene III .- A Room in Ford's House.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. FORD. What, John! what, Robert!

MRS. PAGE. Quickly, quickly:—Is the buck-basket—MRS. FORD. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a Basket.

MRS. PAGE. Come, come, come.

MRS. FORD. Here, set it down.

MRS. PAGE. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

MRS. FORD. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

MRS. PAGE. You will do it?

MRS. FORD. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.]

MRS. PAGE. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

MRS. FORD. How now, my eyas-musket! what news

with you?

ROBIN. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

MRS. PAGE. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

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ROBIN. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

MRS. PAGE. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of

thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

MRS. FORD. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [Exit Robin.] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

MRS. PAGE. I warrant thee; if I do not act it. hiss me.

MRS. FORD. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF

FALSTAFF. 'Have I caught my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

MRS. FORD. O, sweet Sir John!

FALSTAFF. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

MRS. FORD. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should

be a pitiful lady.

FALSTAFF. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

MRS. FORD. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

FALSTAFF. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

MRS. FORD. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

FALSTAFF. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like

women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

MRS. FORD. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love

Mistress Page.

FALSTAFF. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

MRS. FORD. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

FALSTAFF. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it. 80 MRS. FORD. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind:

ROBIN. [Within.] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you

FALSTAFF. She shall not see me: I will ensconce

MRS. FORD. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [FALSTAFF hides himself.

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

MRS. PAGE. O Mistress Ford! what have you done?

You're shamed, you are overthrown, you're undone for . Went ton fell see pand another enemy

MRS. FORD. What's the matter, good Mistress Page ? I doe to me the page 96

MRS. PAGE. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such

cause of suspicion!

MRS. FORD. What cause of suspicion?

MRS. PAGE. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

MRS. FORD. Why, alas, what's the matter? . MRS. PAGE. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers of Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your sc. III] THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 201

consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

MRS. FORD. [Aside.] Speak louder.—'Tis not so, I

hope.

MRS. PAGE. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 118

reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever. 118

MRS. FORD. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

MRS. PAGE. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather': your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchetmead.

MRS. FORD. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

FALSTAFF. [Coming forward.] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

MRS. PAGE. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these

your letters, knight?

FALSTAFF. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen. MRS. PAGE. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

MRS. FORD. What, John! Robert! John!

[Exit Robin.

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come. 146
Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

FORD. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest: I deserve it. How now! what goes here? whither bear you this?

SERVANTS. To the laundress, forsooth.

MRS. FORD. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

FORD. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door.] So, now uncape. In word has a week in the cape and any

PAGE. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much. ... 164

FORD. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.

EVANS. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France. orn H'll Joseph on

PAGE. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [Exeunt Page, Cajus, and Evans.

MRS. PAGE. Is there not a double excellency in this? MRS. FORD. I know not which pleases me better; that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

MRS. PAGE. What a taking was he in when your

husband asked who was in the basket!

MRS. FORD. I am half afraid he will have need of washing: so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

MRS. FORD. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MRS. PAGE. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

MRS. FORD. Shall we send that foolish carrion

Mistress Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment? another punishment?

MRS. PAGE. We will do it: let him be sent for to-

morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

FORD. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

MRS. PAGE. [Aside to Mrs. Ford.] Heard you that?

MRS. FORD. [Aside to Mrs. Page.] Ay, ay, peace.—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

FORD. Av. I do so.

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MRS. FORD. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD. Amen!

FORD. Amen!
MRS. PAGE. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master FORD. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

EVANS. If there pe any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment! 209

CAIUS. By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, Master Ford: are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the

wealth of Windsor Castle.

FORD. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

EVANS. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

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CAIUS. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD. Well; I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

PAGE. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

FORD. Any thing.

EVANS. If there is one, I shall make two in the

company.

CAIUS. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd. FORD. Pray you go, Master Page. 233
EVANS. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow

on the lousy knave, mine host.

CAIUS. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart. 236
EVANS. A lousy knave! to have his gibes and his
mockeries!

[Excunt.

Scene IV .- A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, and Mistress Quickly.
Mistress Quickly stands apart.

FENTON. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE. Alas! how then?

FENTON. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

ANNE. May be he tells you true.

FENTON. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

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Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; 16 And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at. ANNE. Gentle Master Fenton. Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither. [They converse apart.

Enter Shallow and Slender.

SHALLOW. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLENDER. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid. 'tis but venturing.

SHALLOW. Be not dismayed.

SLENDER. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard. QUICKLY. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak

a word with you.

ANNE. I come to him. [Aside.] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

QUICKLY. And how does good Master Fenton?

Pray you, a word with you.

SHALLOW. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

SLENDER. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

SHALLOW. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you. SLENDER. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any

woman in Glostershire.

SHALLOW. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

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SLENDER. Av. that I will, come cut and long-tail. under the degree of a squire.

SHALLOW. He will make you a hundred and fifty

pounds jointure.

ANNE. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

SHALLOW. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave ou.

ANNE. Now, Master Slender. 56 vou.

SLENDER. Now, good Mistress Anne.—

ANNE. What is your will?

SLENDER. My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE. I mean, Master Slender, what would vou with me?

SLENDER. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and MISTRESS Page.

PAGE. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter and leader and small of a small or a state of Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: 72 I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of. FENTON. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

MRS. PAGE. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

PAGE. She is no match for you. 76

FENTON. Sir, will you hear me? No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

QUICKLY. Speak to Mistress Page. . . . 80 FENTON. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners.

I must advance the colours of my love

And not retire: let me have your good will.

ANNE. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool. MRS. PAGE. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

QUICKLY. That's my master, Master doctor. 88 ANNE. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bowl'd to death with turnips.

MRS. PAGE. Come, trouble not yourself. Good

Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
'Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

FENTON. Farewell, gentle mistress. Farewell, Nan. [Exeunt Mistress Page and Anne.

QUICKLY. This is my doing, now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton.' This is my doing.

FENTON. I thank thee: and I pray thee, once tonight

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.
QUICKLY. Now heaven send thee good fortune!
[Exit Fenton.] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [Exit.

the way were at 27 - Heat or describe way that I

Scene V .- A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

FALSTAFF. Bardolph, I say,—

BARDOLPH. Here, sir.

FALSTAFF. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [Exit Bardolph.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, and to be thrown in the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the sack.

BARDOLPH. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak

with you.

FALSTAFF. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

BARDOLPH. Come in, woman.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

QUICKLY. By your leave. I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

BARDOLPH. With eggs, sir?

FALSTAFF. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardolph.]—How now!

QUICKLY. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

QUICKLY. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

FALSTAFF. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

QUICKLY. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant

vou. FALSTAFF. Well. I will visit her: tell her so: and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

QUICKLY. I will tell her.

FALSTAFF. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

QUICKLY. Eight and nine, sir.
FALSTAFF. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

QUICKLY. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit. FALSTAFF. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook: he sent me word to stav within. I like his money well.

O! here he comes.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Bless you, sir! 60
FALSTAFF. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

FORD. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

FALSTAFF. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me. 65

FORD. And how sped you, sir?

FALSTAFF. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook. FORD. How so, sir? did she change her determination?

FALSTAFF. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

FORD. What! while you were there?

FALSTAFF. While I was there.

FORD. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

FALSTAFF. You shall hear. As good luck would

have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

FORD. A buck-basket!

FALSTAFF. By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended Mi poin ton Will The Wood nostril.

FORD. And how long lay you there?

FALSTAFF. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what
I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to

point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney, think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, hissing hot, think of that, Master Brook!

FORD. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

FALSTAFF. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

FORD. 'Tis past eight already, sir. 128

FALSTAFF. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure. and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.

FORD. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married: this 'tis to have linen and buckbaskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me; I'll be horn-mad. is a resembly littly at the resemble of the

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ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

MRS. PAGE. Is he at Master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

QUICKLY. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

MRS. PAGE. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

EVANS. No; Master Slender is get the boys leave to play.

QUICKLY. Blessing of his heart!

MRS. PAGE. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

EVANS. Come hither, William; hold up your head;

come.

MRS. PAGE. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

EVANS. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILLIAM. Two.

QUICKLY. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say 'Od's nouns.' 24
EVANS. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair', William?

WILLIAM. Pulcher.

QUICKLY. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

EVANS. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you peace. What is 'lapis', William?

SC. I] THE MEANT WIVES OF WINDSON 213
WILLIAM. A stone.
EVANS. And what is 'a stone', William?
WILLIAM. A pebble.
EVANS. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you remember in
your prain.
WILLIAM. Lapis.
EVANS. That is a good William. What is he, Wil-
WILLIAM. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and
be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc,
hoc.
EVANS. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative
mark: genitivo, nujus. Well, what is your accusative
case?
WILLIAM. Accusativo, hinc.
EVANS. I pray you, have your remembrance, child;
accusativo, hung, hang, hog. 48
QUICKLY. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant
you.
EVANS. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the
focative case, William?
WILLIAM. O vocativo, O.
EVANS. Remember, William; focative is caret.
QUICKLY. And that's a good root.
EVANS. 'Oman, forbear. 56
MRS. PAGE. Peace!
EVANS. What is your genitive case plural, Wil-
liam ?
WILLIAM. Genitive case? 60
EVANS. Ay.
WILLIAM. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.
QUICKLY. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!
Never name her, child, if she be a whore. 64
EVANS. For shame, 'oman!
QUICKLY. You do ill to teach the child such words.
He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll
do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum':
fie upon you!
EVANS. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no
understandings for thy cases and the numbers and the
0

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genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires. 73
MRS. PAGE. Prithee, hold thy peace.

EVANS. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns. .11.1001 21676

WILLIAM. Forsooth, I have forgot.

EVANS. It is qui, quæ, quod; if you forget your 'quis', your 'quæs', and your 'quods', you must be preeches. Go your ways and play; go. 80

MRS. PAGE. He is a better scholar than I thought

he was.

EVANS. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell,

Mistress Page. 84
MRS. PAGE. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt. White the transfer of the part have been I sweet

Scene II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of

it. But are you sure of your husband now?

MRS. FORD. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

MRS. PAGE. [Within.] What ho! gossip Ford! what

ho!

MRS. FORD. Step into the chamber, Sir John. Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself? in a june and see 12

MRS. FORD. Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE. Indeed!

MRS. FORD. No, certainly.-[Aside to her.] Speak louder.

MRS. PAGE. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MRS. FORD. Why?

MRS. PAGE. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Interest Wilcoley

MRS. FORD. Why, does he talk of him?

MRS. PAGE. Of none but him: and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

MRS. FORD. How near is he, Mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. Hard by; at street end; he will be

here anon.

MRS. FORD. I am undone! the knight is here.

MRS. PAGE. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder. 43 MRS. FORD. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Brightness he sever to be will be tool at the notice and Re-enter Falstaff.

FALSTAFF. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

MRS. PAGE. Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

FALSTAFF. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the and the till and the same

chimney.

MRS. FORD. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces.

MRS. PAGE. Creep into the kiln-hole.

FALSTAFF. Where is it?

MRS. FORD. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the a startal will she Present a letter on Long.

FALSTAFF. I'll go out, then.

MRS. PAGE. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—
MRS. FORD. How might we disguise him?

MRS. PAGE. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

FALSTAFF. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

MRS. FORD. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of

Brainford, has a gown above.

MRS. PAGE. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

MRS. FORD. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page

and I will look some linen for your head.

MRS. PAGE. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Exit Falstaff. MRS. FORD. I would my husband would meet him

in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

MRS. PAGE. Heaven guide him to thy husband's

cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

MRS. FORD. But is my husband coming? 88 MRS. PAGE. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

MRS. FORD. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

MRS. PAGE. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's

go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

MRS. FORD. I'll first direct my men what they shall

SC. III THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 217

do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him raignt.

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot

misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, 'Still swine eats all the draff.'

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD, with two Servants.

MRS. FORD. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; dispatch. [Exit.

FIRST SERVANT. Come, come, take it up. SECOND SERVANT. Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

FIRST SERVANT. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

FORD. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villains. Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

PAGE. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

EVANS. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

SHALLOW. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

So say I too, sir.— FORD.

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

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MRS. FORD. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

FORD. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah! Pulls the clothes out of the basket.

PAGE. This passes! MRS. FORD. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

FORD. I shall find you anon.

EVANS. 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

FORD. Empty the basket, I say! 141

MRS. FORD. Why, man, why?

FORD. Master Page, as I am an honest man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen. 148 MRS. FORD. If you find a man there he shall die

a flea's death. PAGE. Here's no man.

SHALLOW. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master

Ford; this wrongs you. EVANS. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

FORD. Well, he's not here I seek for. PAGE. No. nor nowhere else but in your brain.

[Servants carry away the basket.

FORD. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

MRS. FORD. What ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into

the chamber.

FORD. Old woman! What old woman's that? MRS. FORD. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford

FORD. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean!

Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

MRS. FORD. Nay, good, sweet husband! good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's clothes, led by Mistress Page.

MRS. PAGE. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me vour hand.

FORD. I'll 'prat' her.—[Beats him.] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell vou. Exit FALSTAFF.

MRS. PAGE. Are you not ashamed? I think you

have killed the poor woman.

MRS. FORD. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

FORD. Hang her, witch !

EVANS. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

FORD. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.
PAGE. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come,

gentlemen. [Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, Calus, and Evans. MRS. PAGE. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

MRS. FORD. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

MRS. PAGE. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung

o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

MRS. FORD. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

MRS. PAGE. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple,

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with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

MRS. FORD. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

served him?

MRS. PAGE. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

MRS. FORD. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed, and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed. 220

MRS. PAGE. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt. at the art of the large and well with the

Scene III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

the or to 21 may my land to I am have the

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

3
HOST. What duke should that be comes so secretly?

I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

BARDOLPH. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you. HOST. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. stone a company and all persons are

Scene IV.—A Room in Ford's House.

the property of the property of the party of

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

EVANS. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE. And did he send you both these letters at an instant ?

MRS. PAGE. Within a quarter of an hour. FORD. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt: Leavent Hannah Mare of their or part of I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, and the second state of the second stat In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith. PAGE. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it. 16
FORD. There is no better way than that they spoke of . Then I want you design was not PAGE. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

EVANS. You say he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires. PAGE. So think I too. MRS. FORD. Devise but how you'll use him when he SHARRY STATE IN comes. And let us two devise to bring him thither. MRS. PAGE. There is an old tale goes that Herne the 28 hunter. Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns; And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle, 32 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain In a most hideous and dreadful manner: You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

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The superstitious idle-headed eld 36 Receiv'd and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

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PAGE. Why, yet there want not many that do
fear middle still
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this?
MRS. FORD. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne with huge horns on his head. 43
PAGE. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape when you have brought him
thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
MRS. PAGE. That likewise have we thought upon,
and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, 48
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphs and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden, 52
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread 60
In shape profane.
MRS. FORD. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.
MRS. PAGE. The truth being known,
We'll all present angeless dishers the spirit
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
FORD. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.
EVANS. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the

knight with my taber.

FORD. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

SC. IV] THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 223

MRS. PAGE. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies.

Finely attired in a robe of white.

PAGE. That silk will I go buy:-[Aside] and in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away, 75 And marry her at Eton. Go, send to Falstaff straight. FORD. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook; He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

MRS. PAGE. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties.

And tricking for our fairies.

EVANS. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries. [Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans. MRS. PAGE. Go. Mistress Ford.

Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind. 84 [Exit MISTRESS FORD.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And him my husband best of all affects:

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her, Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

Scene V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

HOST. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

SIMPLE. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

HOST. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call: he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

SIMPLE. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed, 13

HOST. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

FALSTAFF. [Above.] How now, mine host!

HOST. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully; let her descend: my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie! and the state of t

Enter Falstaff.

FALSTAFF. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

SIMPLE. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brainford?

FALSTAFF. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

SIMPLE. My Master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

FALSTAFF. I spake with the old woman about it.

SIMPLE. And what says she, I pray, sir?

FALSTAFF. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

SIMPLE. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

FALSTAFF. What are they? let us know.

HOST. Ay, come; quick. simple. I may not conceal them, sir. HOST. Conceal them, or thou diest.

SIMPLE. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

FALSTAFF. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

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SIMPLE. What, sir?

FALSTAFF. To have her, or no. Go: say the woman told me so.

SIMPLE. May I be bold to say so, sir?

FALSTAFF. Av. Sir Tike: who more bold?

SIMPLE. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. HOST. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John.

Was there a wise woman with thee?

FALSTAFF. Av. that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage! HOST. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

BARDOLPH. Run away, with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

HOST. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

EVANS. Where is mine host?

HOST. What is the matter, sir?

EVANS. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Doctor Caius.

CAIUS. Vere is mine host de Jarteer? Host. Here, Master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma. I

SH. I

CAIUS. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit.

HOST. Hue and cry, villain! go. Assist me, knight; I am undone. Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am [Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH. undone!

FALSTAFF. I would all the world might be cozened. for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

QUICKLY. From the two parties, forsooth.

FALSTAFF. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

QUICKLY. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FALSTAFF. What tellest thou me of black and blue?

I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

QUICKLY. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together!

sc. v] THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR 227 Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed. FALSTAFF. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

HOST. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

FENTON. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

HOST. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will.

at the least, keep your counsel.

FENTON. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page: Who, mutually hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The worth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both; wherein fat Falstaff 16 Hath a great scare: the image of the jest I'll show you here at large [Pointing to the Letter]. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here: in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented:

Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds; And at the deanery, where a priest attends,

Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand; and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

HOST. Which means she to deceive, father or
mother?

FENTON. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar

Yo stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one

And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar 49 To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying,

To give our hearts united ceremony.

HOST. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar. Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest. FENTON. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;

FENTON. So shall I evermore be bound to thee; Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I .- A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

FALSTAFF. Prithee, no more prattling; go: I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death. Away!

QUICKLY. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what

I can to get you a pair of horns.

FALSTAFF. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

FORD. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you

told me you had appointed?

FALSTAFF. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. [Excunt.]

Scene II.—Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

PAGE. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

SLENDER. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum'; she cries, 'budget'; and by that we know one another.

SHALLOW. That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum', or her 'budget'? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

PAGE. The night is dark; light and spirits will

become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt. and all an our of manner of the street of the

Scene III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

CAIUS. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

MRS. PAGE. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart break.

MRS. FORD. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

MRS. PAGE. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

MRS. FORD. That cannot choose but amaze him. MRS. PAGE. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked: if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

MRS. FORD. We'll betray him finely. MRS. PAGE. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

MRS. FORD. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [Exeunt.

Emerad non about the country of the second of SCENE IV. - Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised, and others as Fairies.

EVANS. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.

Scene V.—Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne, with a buck's head on.

the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda; O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast; O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

MRS. FORD. Sir John! art thou there, my deer?

my male deer?

FALSTAFF. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves'; hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.]

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

FALSTAFF. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

MRS. PAGE. Alas! what noise?

MRS. FORD. Heaven forgive our sins!

FALSTAFF. What should this be?

MRS. FORD. Away, away! [They run off.

FALSTAFF. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire: he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a Satyr; Pistor as Hobgoblin; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and Others, as Fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

ANNE. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

PISTOL. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept, There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

FALSTAFF. They are fairies; he that speaks to them

shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

[Lies down upon his face.

EVANS. Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Rein up the organs of her fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those that sleep and think not on their sins, 56 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
ANNE. About, about!

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out: Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room, 60 That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In seat as wholesome as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

64 With juice of balm and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write
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In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

EVANS. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be, To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

FALSTAFF. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! 85 PISTOL. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

ANNE. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end: If he be chaste, the flame will back descend And turn him to no pain; but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

PISTOL. A trial! come.

EVANS. Come, will this wood take fire?

[They burn him with their tapers.

FALSTAFF. Oh, oh, oh!

ANNE. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies, sing a scornful rime;

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,

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Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.

During this song, the Fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a Fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a Fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. The Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.
They lay hold on Falstaff.

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

MRS. PAGE. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

FORD. Now sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid too, Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

MRS. FORD. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

FALSTAFF. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

FALSTAFF. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise

of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

EVANS. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your

desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD. Well said, fairy Hugh.

EVANS. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

FORD. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

FALSTAFF. Have I laid my brain in the sun and

dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

EVANS. Seese is not goot to give putter: your pelly is all putter. 147

FALSTAFF. 'Seese' and 'putter'! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

MRS. PAGE. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

FORD. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

MRS. PAGE. A puffed man?

PAGE. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

FORD. And one that is as slanderous as Satan? PAGE. And as poor as Job?

FORD. And as wicked as his wife? 163

EVANS. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

FALSTAFF. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

FORD. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to

FORD. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

MRS. FORD. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

FORD. Well, here's my hand: all is forgiven at last.

PAGE. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

MRS. PAGE. [Aside.] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife. 184

Enter SLENDER.

SLENDER. Whoa, ho! ho! father Page!

PAGE. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

SLENDER. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else!

PAGE. Of what, son?

SLENDER. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir! and 'tis a postmaster's boy.

PAGE. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.
SLENDER. What need you tell me that? I think
so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married
to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would
not have had him.

PAGE. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLENDER. I went to her in white, and cried, 'mum,' and she cried 'budget', as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

EVANS. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see put marry poys?

PAGE. O I am vexed at heart: what shall I do?
MRS. PAGE. Good George, be not angry: I knew
of your purpose; turned my daughter into green;
and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery,
and there married.

Enter Doctor Caius.

caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

MRS. PAGE. Why, did you not take her in green? CAIUS. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

FORD. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!

ANNE. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

PAGE. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

MRS. PAGE. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

FENTON. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy that she hath committed,

And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title,

Since therein she doth evitate and shun.

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A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her. FORD. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy: 244 In love the heavens themselves do guide the state:

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

FALSTAFF. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

PAGE. Well, what remedy ?—Fenton, heaven give

thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

FALSTAFF. When night-dogs run all sorts of deer are chas'd.

MRS. PAGE. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

FORD. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [Exeunt.

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

INTRODUCTION

WE possess no text of Measure for Measure earlier than the folio of 1623, nor does it appear that it was

printed before that year.

The date at which the play was written cannot be precisely ascertained. Among Malone's papers in the Bodleian Library is a record, derived apparently from authentic documents, now unfortunately not forthcoming, of plays enacted at Court in 1604-5; Measure for Measure is here stated to have been performed on December 26, 1604. It has been conjectured that two passages allude to the reluctance of James I, on his accession to the throne and his journey to London, 1603, to encounter crowds. In I, i we read—

I love the people, But do not like to stage me to their eyes, &c.; and again in 11. iv:

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king, Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness Crowd to his presence.

The latter of these passages is echoed in 'Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis', a poem by William Barksted of the year 1607. The date 1603 is commonly accepted as that of the composition of *Measure for Measure*. With this the general style of the play and the evidence derived from metrical characteristics agree.

The original source of the plot is Italian. In his tragedy Epitia, and again in his collection of prose tales, the *Hecatommithi*, Giraldi Cinthio tells the

story, and it is possible that Shakespeare consulted the Italian, for his name 'Angelo' may have been a variation on the name 'Angela', which is found in Cinthio's play. But it is certain that his immediate sources were Whetstone's English dramatic treatment of Cinthio's tale, The Right Excellent and Famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, 1578, and the prose version of the tale in the same author's Heptameron of Civil Discourses, 1582. Whetstone's dramatic work is crude and tedious. Shakespeare owes him no debt except in the action of the play; and here he varies from his predecessor by refusing to subject his Isabella to the shame of yielding to Angelo's desires, and by providing a Mariana of the moated grange to act as her lawful substitute.

The play, if the date usually assigned be correct, was written at a time when Shakespeare had not wholly abandoned comedy for tragedy, but seems to have been unable to write comedy in the spirit of genuine gaiety. Troilus and Cressida is often bitter and ironical. Measure for Measure is grave and sombre. In these plays, whatever the cause may have been, Shakespeare had come to tolerate as dramatic material much that is morally revolting, and tried to wring from this material truths that are perhaps too deep for comedy to deal with. His mind seems, for some reason, to run much upon the consideration of the baser and the nobler relations of the sexes. Cressida is a wanton; the mother of Hamlet shocks and disgusts her son by her yielding to the 'bloat king's' impor-tunity; Bertram indulges his irregular passions; Iago makes the idea of woman's frailty a pivot needful for the operations of his dreadful machinery of torture. Perhaps Shakespeare was attracted to the tale of Promos and Cassandra because it gave him an opportunity of searching into certain problems of good and evil; perhaps the artist was further attracted by the opportunities for great scenes of impassioned and eloquent pleading. We may add that perhaps he ought to have at once turned away from the subject, if it allowed of no better dénouement than that which pardons Angelo and calls forth congratulations from the Duke on the marriage of Mariana to one so base and cruel as the man who had deserted her in sorrow for lack of a sufficient dowry, who had designed the death of Claudio and the dishonour of Claudio's sister.

Coleridge described Measure for Measure as the only painful play of Shakespeare. The background is singularly dark and repulsive. In Vienna corruption boils and bubbles. But Bacon in one of his Essays tells us that 'it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground'; and, though not much in this play can be called lively, it is undoubtedly true that the torchlike flame of Isabella's purity shines whiter because of the surrounding darkness. It is true also that from the groundwork of such speech as that of Froth and Pompey, and the blundering Elbow, the incomparable energy of Isabella's eloquence rises with a more radiant splendour. Indeed this gift of eloquent utterance is not confined to Isabella. Her brother's recoil from the darkness and mystery of death is expressed with a concentrated power of imagination. The wise Duke with his

Spirits are not finely touch'd But to fine issues,

can utter the deepest truths in the most inspired words. Even Lucio sometimes says things worth saying, and admirably well. Even poor Pompey argues for his dishonest trade in the happiest way—'Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.' The play, as a whole, is, as Coleridge says, 'painful'; but nowhere in Shake-speare's dramatic work can greater speeches and scenes be found. The interviews of Isabella with Angelo, where she pleads for her brother's life and defends her own purity, and the prison scene, where she pleads with Claudio for righteousness, are unsurpassed in dignity of passion.

The theme of the play is not merely that of the un-

masking of a self-deceiver who is shrouded from even his own view by a hard self-righteousness. It is, in addition to this, a demonstration by examples of the truth that real justice to our fellows lies not in the appli-cation of arbitrary rules, but in the sympathy of an understanding heart. And to be just to others we must first know ourselves aright. It was ever the business of the wise Duke, who is the providence of the play, to know himself, while Angelo, who is constantly unjust to his fellows, has never learnt the infirmities of his own nature. But knowledge must be allied to love if we would give true measure for measure. 'Love,' declares the Duke in his reproof of Lucio, 'talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love; ' the two should go to work hand in hand, and then we shall be able to render justice to an Angelo or a Claudio, to even a Pompey or a Mistress Overdone; then perhaps the fierce and noble indignation of an Isabella will undergo some qualification. The spirit of the play is not, as some have described it, pessimistic. The world is indeed no idyllic Arcadia; it is dark as Claudio's prison; but even in Claudio's prison there comes with a magical effect the word of the Duke—' Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.' Light arises in darkness through the prudence and experience of the Duke and through the virtue of his Isabella. The conventions of the fifth act of a comedy outrage nature here; they do so no less in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, but that was a play of Shakespeare's earlier years. A true woman who had loved Angelo or Proteus would surely turn from him indignantly when she discovered that he was other than she had supposed. Every age has its artistic conventions, and while we condemn the unnatural close of this drama, we must in the end bear with the dramatic fault and turn back to the play for the sake of the great things which it has given us in certain incomparable scenes.

Measure for Measure had the good fortune to attract the special attention of Walter Pater as a critic. To quote some sentences from his essay will be to give

the reader a motive for turning to study the whole in the volume entitled Appreciations. 'The Duke,' he writes, 'disguised as a friar, with his curious moralizing on life and death, and Isabella in her first mood of renunciation, a thing "ensky'd and sainted", come with the quiet of the cloister as a relief to this lust and pride of life: like some grey monastic picture hung on the wall of a gaudy room, their presence cools the heated air of the piece. . . . Not less precious for this relief in the general structure of the piece than for its own peculiar graces is the episode of Mariana, a creature wholly of Shakespeare's invention, told, by way of interlude, in subdued prose. The moated grange, with its dejected mistress, its long, listless, discontented days, where we hear only the voice of a boy broken off suddenly in the midst of one of the loveliest songs of Shakespeare, or of Shakespeare's school, is the pleasantest of many glimpses we get here of pleasant places—the fields without the town, Angelo's garden-house, the consecrated fountain. . . . Again it is a picture within a picture, but with fainter lines and a greyer atmosphere: we have here the same passions, the same wrongs, the same continuance of affection, the same crying out upon death, as in the nearer and larger piece, though softened, and reduced to the mood of a more dreamy scene.' Pater sees the play characteristically as a thing appealing to the eye, and dwells upon the contrasts and harmonies of colours which it includes; but he is also sensible of the ethical discipline which it enforces by its demand for justice through the whole wide range of characters, from the Duke to the embruted prisoner Barnardine, and from the 'sainted' Isabella to Mistress Overdone.

A curious misfortune befell the play when in Restoration days Sir William Davenant had the audacity to rehandle it and amalgamate it with *Much Ado About Nothing* in the base metal of his own manufacture. Benedick, of *Much Ado*, becomes the brother of Angelo; Beatrice appears side by side with Isabella; Juliet is the cousin of Viola; the latter enters 'dancing

a saraband, awhile with castanietos', and the scene is transferred to Turin. There is no more striking example of the fine art of degrading Shakespeare. It was of this play that Pepys wrote in his Diary, February 18, 1661-2: 'Saw The Law against Lovers, a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her the loss of Roxalana would spoil the house.' It was again rehandled by Gildon in 1700, 'with additions of several entertainments of Musick'; here Angelo begs Isabella to meet him 'at the Opera'. Shakespeare's play was not revived until the eighteenth century had well advanced. The late Mr. Frank Marshall, who relates the stage history of Measure for Measure in the Henry Irving Shakespeare, tells us of the tragic incident of Joseph Peterson's sudden death upon the stage, 1758, at the moment when he uttered the lines of the Duke—

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art.

The part of Isabella was played by Mrs. Siddons at intervals from 1779-80 to 1812. 'It is said,' writes Mr. Marshall, 'that on June 26, 1812, she was so enfeebled by age that, when she knelt to the Duke, she was unable to rise without assistance.' Hazlitt writes in severe terms of the rendering of Isabella by Miss O'Neil: 'Her "Oh fie, fie!" was the most spirited thing in her performance. . . She seemed in complete possession of a certain conventicle twang. She whined and sang out her part in that querulous tone that has become unpleasant to us by ceaseless repetition.' And certainly 'the Magdalen style', of which the critic speaks, is the reverse of the manner in which the confidently righteous part of Isabella should be presented.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VINCENTIO, the Duke.

ANGELO, Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.

Escalus, an Ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.

CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.

Lucio, a Fantastic.

Two other like Gentlemen.

VARRIUS, a Gentleman attending on the Duke.

PROVOST.

THOMAS, two Friars.

A Justice.

Elbow, a simple Constable.

FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.

POMPEY, Tapster to Mistress Overdone.

ABHORSON, an Executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a Nun.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a Bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

Scene-Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ACT I.

Scene I.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE. Escalus. Escalus. My lord?

DUKE.

DUKE. Of government the properties to unfold, Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse, Since I am put to know that your own science Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you: then no more remains, But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, And let them work. The nature of our people, Our city's institutions, and the terms For common justice, you're as pregnant in, As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember. There is our commission, [Giving it. From which we would not have you warp. Call hither, I say, bid come before us Angelo. [Exit an Attendant. What figure of us think you he will bear? For you must know, we have with special soul Elected him our absence to supply, Lent him our terror, drest him with our love, And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power: what think you of it? ESCALUS. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Look where he comes.

I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE. Always obedient to your Grace's will
Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,	
27200, 00 021 00002102 020, 220002,	23
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings	
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste	
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.	
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,	32
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues	
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike	
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'	d
72	36
The smallest scruple of her excellence,	
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines	-
Herself the glory of a creditor,	
	40
To one that can my part in him advertise;	-
Hold, therefore, Angelo: [Tendering his commission	10
In our remove be thou at full ourself;	11.
Mortality and mercy in Vienna	4.5
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,	44
Though first in question, is thy secondary.	
	:4
Take thy commission. [Giving ANGELO. Now, good my lord,	ı.
Let there be some more test made of my metal,	40
Before so noble and so great a figure	48
Be stamp'd upon it. DUKE. No more evasion:	
DUKE. No more evasion:	
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice	V.
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.	52
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition	
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd	
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,	
As time and our concernings shall importune,	56
How it goes with us; and do look to know	
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:	
To the hopeful execution do I leave you	
Of your commissions.	
200, 82, 0 200, 0, 22, 102, 10,	60
That we may bring you something on the way.	
DUKE. My haste may not admit it;	
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do	

With any scruple: your scope is as mine own, So to enforce or qualify the laws As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand; I'll privily away: I love the people, But do not like to stage me to their eyes. 68 Though it do well, I do not relish well Their loud applause and Aves vehement, Nor do I think the man of safe discretion That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

ANGELO. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

ESCALUS. Lead forth and bring you back in happi-

ness!

DUKE. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit. ESCALUS. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave 76 To have free speech with you; and it concerns me To look into the bottom of my place: A power I have, but of what strength and nature I am not yet instructed.

am not yet instructed.

ANGELO. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together, And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

I'll wait upon your honour.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

LUCIO. If the Duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Amen.

LUCIO. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. 'Thou shalt not steal'? LUCIO. Ay, that he razed. FIRST GENTLEMAN. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I never heard any soldier dis-

like it.

LUCIO. I believe thee, for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. No? a dozen times at least.

FIRST CENTLEMAN. What, in metre?

LUCIO. In any proportion or in any language.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I think, or in any religion. LUCIO. Av; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace. 27
FIRST GENTLEMAN. Well, there went but a pair of

shears between us.

LUCIO. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

LUCIO. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. I think I have done myself

wrong, have I not?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

LUCIO. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to-

SECOND GENTLEMAN. To what, I pray? ... 48 all of the line will be pro-

LUCIO. Judge.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. To three thousand dolours a

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Av, and more.

LUCIO. A French crown more.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

LUCIO. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

MRS. OVERDONE. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Who's that, I pray thee? 64 MRS. OVERDONE. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior

Claudio.

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so. 67 MRS. OVERDONE. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO. But, after all this fooling, I would not have

it so. Art thou sure of this?

MRS. OVERDONE. I am too sure of it; and it is for

getting Madam Julietta with child.

LUCIO. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose. FIRST GENTLEMAN. But most of all, agreeing with

the proclamation.

LUCIO. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

MRS. OVERDONE. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what's the news with you? POMPEY. Yonder man is carried to prison.

MRS. OVERDONE. Well: what has he done? 88 POMPEY. A woman.

MRS. OVERDONE. But what's his offence?

POMPEY. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

MRS. OVERDONE. What, is there a maid with child by him?

POMPEY. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have vou?

MRS. OVERDONE. What proclamation, man?

POMPEY. All houses of resort in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

MRS, OVERDONE. And what shall become of those in the city?

POMPEY. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

MRS. OVERDONE. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

POMPEY. To the ground, mistress.

MRS. OVERDONE. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

108 POMPEY. Come; fear not you: good counsellors

lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

MRS. OVERDONE. What's to do here. Thomas tapster? Let's withdraw.

POMPEY. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there 's Madam Juliet. [Excunt.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.

CLAUDIO. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison where I am committed. PROVOST. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

CLAUDIO. Thus can the demi-god Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight.

The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

LUCIO. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

CLAUDIO. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue— Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,— 132

A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

LUCIO. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUDIO. What but to speak of would offend again. LUCIO. What, is't murder?

CLAUDIO. No.

LUCIO. Lechery? CLAUDIO. Call it so.

PROVOST. Away, sir! you must go.
CLAUDIO. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

LUCIO. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so looked after?

CLAUDIO. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed: You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends, From whom we thought it meet to hide our love Till time had made them for us. But it chances 156

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO. With child, perhaps?

CLAUDIO. Unhappily, even so. And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness, Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know 164 He can command, lets it straight feel the spur; Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up. I stagger in:—but this new governor 168 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round, And none of them been worn; and, for a name, 172 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name. LUCIO. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him. CLAUDIO. I have done so, but he's not to be found. I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service. This day my sister should the cloister enter. 180 And there receive her approbation: Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him: 184 I have great hope in that; for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art When she will play with reason and discourse, 188 And well she can persuade. LUCIO. I pray she may: as well for the encourage-

ment of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of ticktack. I'll to her.

CLAUDIO. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO. Within two hours.

CLAUDIO. Come, officer, away! 196 Exeunt.

and the state of t

Scene III.—A Monastery.

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS. DUKE. No, holy father; throw away that thought: Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth. FRIAR THOMAS. May your Grace speak of it? DUKE. My holy sir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd. And held in idle price to haunt assemblies Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo— A man of stricture and firm abstinence— My absolute power and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me travell'd to Poland; For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir, You will demand of me why I do this? FRIAR THOMAS. Gladly, my lord.

DUKE. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,-The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,— 20 Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep; Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers, Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch, 24 Only to stick it in their children's sight For terror, not to use, in time the rod Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees, Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead, 28 And liberty plucks justice by the nose; The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart Goes all decorum.

FRIAR THOMAS. It rested in your Grace T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd; 32 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd Than in Lord Angelo. I do fear, too dreadful: DUKE. Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope, 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done. When evil deeds have their permissive pass And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father. I have on Angelo impos'd the office, Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home, And yet my nature never in the sight To do it slander. And to behold his sway, I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee. Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action At our more leisure shall I render you: Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see.

Scene IV .- A Nunnery.

If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

ISABELLA. And have you nuns no further privileges?

FRANCISCA. Are not these large enough?

ISABELLA. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

LUCIO. [Within.] Ho! Peace be in this place!

ISABELLA. Who's that which calls?

FRANCISCA. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabello,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.

When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [Exit. ISABELLA. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

LUCIO. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses 16 Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me As bring me to the sight of Isabella, A novice of this place, and the fair sister To her unhappy brother Claudio?

ISABELLA. Why 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask; The rather for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella and his sister.

am that Isabella and his sister.

LUCIO. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets vou:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISABELLA. Woe me! for what?

LUCIO. For that which, if myself might be his judge, He should receive his punishment in thanks: He hath got his friend with child.

ISABELLA. Sir, make me not your story. LUCIO.

I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest, Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so: I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted; By your renouncement an immortal spirit, And to be talk'd with in sincerity, As with a saint.

ISABELLA. You do blaspheme the good in mocking

LUCIO. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time That from the seedness the bare fallow brings To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISABELLA. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

SH. I.

LUCIO. Is she your cousin? ISABELLA. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names-By vain, though apt affection. She it is. ISABELLA. O! let him marry her. This is the point. LUCIO. The duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlemen, myself being one. In hand and hope of action; but we do learn By those that know the very nerves of state. His givings out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant design. Upon his place. And with full line of his authority, Governs Lord Angelo: a man whose blood Is very snow-broth: one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense. But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge With profits of the mind, study and fast. He,—to give fear to use and liberty, Which have for long run by the hideous law. As mice by lions, hath pick'd out an act, Under whose heavy sense your brother's life Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it. And follows close the rigour of the statute, To make him an example. All hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To soften Angelo; and that 's my pith of business Twixt you and your poor brother. ISABELLA. Doth he so seek his life? He's censur'd him 72 LUCIO. Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath A warrant for his execution. Alas! what poor ability's in me ISABELLA. To do him good? Assay the power you have. LUCIO. ISABELLA. My power? alas! I doubt-Our doubts are traitors. LUCIO. And make us lose the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel, All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them.

ISABELLA. I'll see what I can do.

But speedily. 84

LUCIO. B ISABELLA. I will about it straight; No longer staying but to give the Mother Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you: Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO. I take my leave of you.

ISABELLA. Good sir, adieu.

· Exeunt.

ACT II.

See a nove and a see and a self-

Scene I .- A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.

ANGELO. We must not make a scarecrow of the law. Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, And let it keep one shape, till custom make it Their perch and not their terror.

ESCALUS. Ay, but yet 4 Let us be keen and rather cut a little, Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman, Whom I would save, had a most noble father. Let but your honour know,—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,— That, in the working of your own affections, Had time coher'd with place or place with wishing, Or that the resolute acting of your blood Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose, Whether you had not, some time in your life, Err'd in this point which now you censure him,

And pull'd the law upon you.

ANGELO. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice. That justice seizes: what know the laws That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant, The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it Because we see it; but what we do not see We tread upon, and never think of it. You may not so extenuate his offence For I have had such faults; but rather tell me. When I, that censure him, do so offend, Let mine own judgment pattern out my death. And nothing come in partial. Sir. he must die. ESCALUS. Be it as your wisdom will. Where is the provost? ANGELO. PROVOST. Here, if it like your honour. See that Claudio ANGELO. Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Exit Provost.

ESCALUS. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall: Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none, And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow and Officers, with Froth and Pompey.

ELBOW. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them awav.

ANGELO. How now, sir! What's your name, and

what's the matter?

ELBOW. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

ANGELO. Benefactors! Well: what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

ELBOW. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

ESCALUS. This comes off well: here's a wise officer. ANGELO. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow

is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

POMPEY. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow. 60

ANGELO. What are you, sir?

ELBOW. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

ESCALUS. How know you that?

ELBOW. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

ESCALUS. How! thy wife?

ELBOW. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

ESCALUS. Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELBOW. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

ESCALUS. How dost thou know that, constable?

ELBOW. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

ESCALUS. By the woman's means?

ELBOW. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

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POMPEY. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
ELBOW. Prove it before these varlets here, thou
honourable man, prove it.

87

ESCALUS. [To ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces? POMPEY. Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing,—saving your honour's reverence,—for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish,

a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

ESCALUS. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir. POMPEY. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

FROTH. No, indeed.

POMPEY. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

FROTH. Ay, so I did, indeed.

POMPEY. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

FROTH. All this is true.

POMPEY. Why, very well then.—

ESCALUS. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

POMPEY. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCALUS. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

POMPEY. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. Was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

FROTH. All-hallownd eve.

POMPEY. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

good for winter.

FROTH. I have so, because it is an open room and

POMPEY. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

ANGELO. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause,

Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all. 140 ESCALUS. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit ANGELO.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife. once more?

POMPEY. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

ELBOW. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

POMPEY. I beseech your honour, ask me. ESCALUS. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

POMPEY. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

ESCALUS. Ay, sir, very well. 153

POMPEY. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCALUS. Well, I do so.

POMPEY. Doth your honour see any harm in his face? 157

ESCALUS. Why, no.

POMPEY. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

ESCALUS. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

ELBOW. First, an' it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

POMPEY. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more

respected person than any of us all.

ELBOW. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet.

The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

POMPEY. Sir, she was respected with him before he

married with her.

ESCALUS. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

ELBOW. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

ESCALUS. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might

have your action of slander too.

ELBOW. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

ESCALUS. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldest discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

ELBOW. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

ESCALUS. Where were you born, friend?

FROTH. Here in Vienna, sir.

ESCALUS. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH. Yes, an 't please you, sir. 200

ESCALUS. So. [To POMPEY.] What trade are you of, sir? POMPEY. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster:

ESCALUS. Your mistress' name?

POMPEY. Mistress Overdone.

ESCALUS. Hath she had any more than one husband?

POMPEY. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.
ESCALUS. Nine!—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

FROTH. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

ESCALUS. Well: no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What 's your name, Master tapster?

POMPEY. Pompey.

ESCALUS. What else?

POMPEY. Bum, sir.

ESCALUS. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

POMPEY. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCALUS. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

POMPEY. If the law would allow it, sir. 232 ESCALUS. But the law will not allow it. Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

POMPEY. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

ESCALUS. No, Pompey.

POMPEY. Truly, sir, in my humble opinion, they will to 't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

ESCALUS. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

POMPEY. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

ESCALUS. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint

whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do. Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you

well.

POMPEY. I thank your worship for your good counsel :-[Aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade; 260

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Exit. ESCALUS. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

ELBOW. Seven year and a half, sir.

ESCALUS. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven vears together?

ELBOW. And a half, sir.

ESCALUS. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it? 272

ELBOW. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

ESCALUS. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish. 277

ELBOW. To your worship's house, sir?

ESCALUS. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow. What's o'clock, think you?

JUSTICE. Eleven, sir.

ESCALUS. I pray you home to dinner with me.

JUSTICE. I humbly thank you.

ESCALUS. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;

But there is no remedy.

JUSTICE. Lord Angelo is severe.

Tt is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. But yet, poor Claudio! There's no remedy.

Come sir.

The state of the last of the state of

SCENE II .- Another Room in the Same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

SERVANT. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

SCENE II]

PROVOST. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas!

He hath but as offended in a dream:

All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

ANGELO. Now, what 's the matter, provost?

PROVOST. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

ANGELO. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

PROVOST.

Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgment hath

Repented o'er his doom.

ANGELO. Go to; let that be mine: 12

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

PROVOST. I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She 's very near her hour.

ANGELO. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

SERVANT. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

ANGELO. Hath he a sister?

PROVOST. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

...ANGELO. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.

See you the fornicatress be remov'd: Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for 't.

24

Enter ISABELLA and Lucio.

PROVOST.

God save your honour!

ANGELO. Stay a little while.—[To Isabella.] You're welcome: what's your will?

ISABELLA. I am a woful suitor to your honour,

Please but your honour hear me.

ANGELO. Well; what's your suit? 28
ISABELLA. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am

32
At war 'twixt will and will not.

ANGELO. Well; the matter?

ISABELLA. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:

I do beseech vou, let it be his fault.

And not my brother.

PROVOST. [Aside.] Heaven give thee moving graces! 36
ANGELO. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

ISABELLA. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour!

Retiring

LUCIO. [Aside to Isabella.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!

ISABELLA. Must he needs die?

ANGELO. Maiden, no remedy. ISABELLA. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy. ANGELO. I will not do 't. But can you, if you would? ISABELLA. ANGELO. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do. ISABELLA. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong, If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him? He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late. ANGELO. LUCIO. [Aside to ISABELLA.] You are too cold. ISABELLA. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word. May call it back again. Well, believe this. No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe. Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slipt like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern. Pray you, be gone. ANGELO. ISABELLA. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge. And what a prisoner. LUCIO. [Aside to ISABELLA.] Ay, touch him: there's the vein. ANGELO. Your brother is a forfeit of the law. And you but waste your words. Alas! alas! ISABELLA. Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; And He that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. How would you be, If He, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O! think on that, And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made. ANGELO. Be you content, fair maid: It is the law, not I, condemn your brother:

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

ISABELLA. To-morrow! O! that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens 84 We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you: Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

LUCIO. [Aside to Isabella.] Ay, well said. ANGELO. The law hath not been dead, though it

hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil, If that the first that did th' edict infringe Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake. Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet, Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils, Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born. Are now to have no successive degrees, But, ere they live, to end.

ISABELLA. Yet show some pity.

ANGELO. I show it most of all when I show justice; For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall, And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong, Lives not to act another. Be satisfied: Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

ISABELLA. So you must be the first that gives this sentence.

And he that suffers. O! it is excellent To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous 108 To use it like a giant.

LUCIO. [Aside to Isabella.] That 's well said. ISABELLA. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For every pelting, petty officer Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder, Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
LUCIO. [Aside to Isabella.] O, to him, to him, wench
He will relent:
He 's coming: I perceive 't.
PROVOST. [Aside.] Pray heaven she win him
ISABELLA. We cannot weigh our brother with our
self:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But, in the less foul profanation.
LUCIO. [Aside to Isabella.] Thou'rt in the right, girl
more o' that.
ISABELLA. That in the captain 's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
LUCIO. [Aside to Isabella.] Art advis'd o' that ? more
on 't.
ANGELO. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
ISABELLA. Because authority, though it err like
others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know 13
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against my brother's life. She speaks, and 'tis ANGELO. Such sense that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well. ISABELLA. Gentle my lord, turn back. ANGELO. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.

ISABELLA. Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

ANGELO. How! bribe me?

ISABELLA. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO. [Aside to ISABELLA.] You had marr'd all else. 148 ISABELLA. Not with fond sicles of the tested gold.

Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor As fancy values them; but with true prayers That shall be up at heaven and enter there Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls, From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal.

Well: come to me to-morrow. ANGELO. LUCIO. [Aside to ISABELLA.] Go to; 'tis well: away! ISABELLA. Heaven keep your honour safe! [Aside.] Amen: ANGELO.

For I am that way going to temptation.

Where prayers cross.

At what hour to-morrow ISABELLA.

Shall I attend your lordship?

At any time 'fore noon. 160

ISABELLA. Save your honour!

[Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost. ANGELO. From thee; even from thy virtue! What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine? The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I, That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower, Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be . 163

That modesty may more betray our sense Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her foully for those things

That make her good? O, let her brother live!

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,

And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous Is that temptation that doth goad us on To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet, With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid Subdues me quite. Ever till now, When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

12

Scene III .- A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, disguised as a friar, and PROVOST. DUKE. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are. PROVOST. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

DUKE. Bound by my charity and my bless'd order, I come to visit the afflicted spirits 4 Here in the prison: do me the common right To let me see them and to make me know The nature of their crimes, that I may minister To them accordingly.

PROVOST. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth, Hath blister'd her report. She is with child, And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man More fit to do another such offence, Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

DUKE. When must he die?

As I do think, to-morrow. [To Julier.] I have provided for you: stay a while, 17 And you shall be conducted.

DUKE. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry? JULIET. I do, and bear the shame most patiently. 20 DUKE. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience.

And try your penitence, if it be sound, Or hollowly put on.

JULIET. I'll gladly learn.

JULIET. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd you?

JULIET. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

DUKE. So then it seems your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed?

JULIET. Mutually.

DUKE. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his. 28
JULIET. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

DUKE. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do

repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame, Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven, 32 Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it, But as we stand in fear.—

JULIET. I do repent me, as it is an evil,

And take the shame with joy.

DUKE. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow, And I am going with instruction to him.

God's grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit. JULIET. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40

That respites me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!

PROVOST. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

Scene IV .- A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO.

ANGELO. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words, Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue, Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth, As if I did but only chew his name, And in my heart the strong and swelling evil Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied, Is like a good thing, being often read,

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity, Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride, Could I with boot change for an idle plume, Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form! How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit, Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood: Let's write good angel on the devil's horn, 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant. How now! who's there? SERVANT. One Isabel, a sister. Desires access to you. ANGELO. Teach her the way. [Exit Servant. O heavens! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, Making both it unable for itself. And dispossessing all my other parts Of necessary fitness? So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds; Come all to help him, and so stop the air By which he should revive: and even so The general, subject to a well-wish'd king.

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid! ISABELLA. I am come to know your pleasure. 32
ANGELO. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot

ISABELLA. Even so. Heaven keep your honour! ANGELO. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be, As long as you or I: yet he must die.

ISABELLA. Under your sentence? ANGELO. Yea.

ISABELLA. When, I beseech you? that in his re-
prieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.
ANGELO. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made, As to see the second seco
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.
ISABELLA. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
ANGELO. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law 53
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
ISABELLA. Sir, believe this, 56
I had rather give my body than my soul.
ANGELO. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd
sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
ISABELLA. How say you?
ANGELO. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin 64
To save this brother's life?
ISABELLA. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;
It is no sin at all, but charity.
ANGELO. Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
ISABELLA. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer 72
To have it added to the faults of mine,
-5 may 6 10 added to the laults of miles

And nothing of your answer.
ANGELO. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant.
Or seem so craftily; and that 's not good.
ISABELLA. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.
ANGELO. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
ISABELLA. So.
ANGELO. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
ISABELLA. True.
ANGELO. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
ISABELLA. As much for my poor brother as myself
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That, longing, have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
ANGELO. Then must your brother die.
ISABELLA. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
ANGELO. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

MEASURE FOR MEASURE: [ACT II 278 ISABELLA. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon 112 Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANGELO. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant; it is the second of th And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother A merriment than a vice. ISABELLA. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out, To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love. ANGELO. We are all frail. ISABELLA. Else let my brother die. If not a feedary, but only he Owe and succeed thy weakness. ANGELO. Nav. women are frail too. ISABELLA. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-- on the section part - set selves. Which are as easy broke as they make forms. Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar 128 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail. For we are soft as our complexions are. And credulous to false prints. ANGELO. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,— Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold; I do arrest your words. Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none; 1 136 If you be one, as you are well express'd By all external warrants, show it now, By putting on the destin'd livery. ISABELLA. I have no tongue but one: gentle my The second of the second back and and lord. Let me entreat you speak the former language. ANGELO. Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISABELLA. My brother did love Juliet; and you so tell me.

That he shall die for 't.

ANGELO. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love. ISABELLA. I know your virtue hath a licence in 't, Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.

ANGELO. Believe me, on mine honour, 148

My words express my purpose.

And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Who will believe thee, Isabel? ANGELO. My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life, 156 My vouch against you, and my place i' the state, Will so your accusation overweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report And smell of calumny. I have begun; And now I give my sensual race the rein: Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes, That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother 164 By yielding up thy body to my will, Or else he must not only die the death, But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow, Or, by the affection that now guides me most, I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you, Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit. ISABELLA. To whom should I complain? Did I tell

this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make curt'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down

On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

ACT III.

Scene I .- A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a friar, Claudio, and Provost.

DUKE. So then you hope of pardon from Lord
Angelo?

CLAUDIO. The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die. DUKE. Be absolute for death; either death or life Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life: If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art. Servile to all the skyey influences, That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st. Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool; For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun, And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble: For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant; For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep, And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself; For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not: For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get, And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain; For thy complexion shifts to strange effects.

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor; For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows, Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none; 23 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire, The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich, Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty, To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this That bears the name of life? Yet in this life Lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear, 40 That makes these odds all even.

I humbly thank you. CLAUDIO.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die,

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

ISABELLA. [Within.] What ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

PROVOST. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves

a welcome.

DUKE. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again. CLAUDIO. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA. My business is a word or two with Claudio. PROVOST. And very welcome. Look, signior; here's your sister.

DUKE. Provost, a word with you.
PROVOST. As many as you please.
DUKE. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.

CLAUDIO. Now, sister, what's the comfort? ISABELLA. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven.

Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
CLAUDIO. Is there no remedy?
ISABELLA. None, but such remedy, as to save a
head
To cleave a heart in twain.
CLAUDIO. But is there any?
ISABELLA. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
CLAUDIO. Perpetual durance?
ISABELLA. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
CLAUDIO. But in what nature?
ISABELLA. In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
CLAUDIO. Let me know the point.
ISABELLA. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
CLAUDIO. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
ISABELLA: There spake my brother: there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,

ISABELLA. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUDIO. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside	120
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;	
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,	
And blown with restless violence round about	
FT1 7 . 17 . 17	124
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts	
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!	
The weariest and most loathed worldly life	1
****	128
Can lay on nature is a paradise	
To what we fear of death.	
ISABELLA. Alas! alas!	
CLAUDIO. Sweet sister, let me live	
TT71	132
Nature dispenses with the deed so far	
That it becomes a virtue.	
ISABELLA. O you beast!	
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!	
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?	136
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life	1
From thine own sister's shame? What should I thin	k?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair;	
	140
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;	
Die, perish! Might but my bending down	
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.	"
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,	144
No word to save thee.	
CLAUDIO. Nay, hear me, Isabel.	
ISABELLA. O, fie, fie, fie!	
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.	
	148
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Goi	_
CLAUDIO. O hear me, Isabel	lla.

Re-enter DUKE.

DUKE. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

ISABELLA. What is your will?

DUKE. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would

by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

ISABELLA. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

DUKE. [Aside to CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

CLAUDIO. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out

of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

DUKE. Hold you there: farewell. [Exit CLAUDIO.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

PROVOST. What's your will, father?

DUKE. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

PROVOST. In good time. [Exit. DUKE. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

ISABELLA. I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

overnment.

DUKE. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: "he made trial of you only." Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. 202

ISABELLA. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

DUKE. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

ISABELLA. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

DUKE. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentle-woman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriagedowry; with both, her combinate husband, this wellseeming Angelo.

ISABELLA. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her ?.

DUKE. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

ISABELLA. What a merit were it in death to take

this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

DUKE. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

ISABELLA. Show me how, good father.

DUKE. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love. hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all, we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it? 257
ISABELLA. The image of it gives me content already,

ISABELLA. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

DUKE. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISABELLA. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

Scene II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a friar; to him Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.

ELBOW. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE. O heavens! what stuff is here?

POMPEY. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELBOW. Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

DUKE. And you, good brother father. What offence

hath this man made you, sir?

ELBOW. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and. sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

DUKE. Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live. Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back

From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,

From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend. 28 POMPEY. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir;

but yet, sir, I would prove-

DUKE. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin.

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; 32 Correction and instruction must both work

Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELBOW. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him,

he were as good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE. That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! 40 ELBOW. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

POMPEY. I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

LUCIO. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

DUKE. Still thus, and thus, still worse! 55
LUCIO. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress?
Procures she still. ha?

POMPEY. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

LUCIO. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

POMPEY. Yes, faith, sir.

POMPEY. Yes, faith, sir. 64
LUCIO. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell.
Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

ELBOW. For being a bawd, for being a bawd. 68
LUCIO. Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment
be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he,
doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell,
good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey.
You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will
keep the house.

SH. I.

POMPEY. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my 7 7 ... W. C + 102. 5 10 10 100 1 1 02 1 76. bail.

LUCIO. No, indeed will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless. you, friar.

DUKE. And you.

LUCIO. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

ELBOW. Come your ways, sir; come.

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POMPEY. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? What news?

ELBOW. Come your ways, sir; come.

LUCIO. Go to kennel, Pompey; go.

[Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

DUKE. I know none. Can you tell me of any? 92 LUCIO. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think Town y little, and large, and large

DUKE. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was neverborn to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

DUKE. He does well in't.

LUCIO. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred: it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think vou?

DUKE. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

DUKE. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. 119 LUCIO. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

DUKE. I never heard the absent duke much detected

for women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO. O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE. 'Tis not possible.

LUCIO. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty, and his use was to put a ducat in her clackdish; the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

DUKE. You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE. What, I prithee, might be the cause? 140 LUCIO. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

DUKE. Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you

speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is

much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO. Sir, I know him, and I love him. DUKE. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

LUCIO. Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return,—as our prayers are he may,—let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

LUCIO. Sir. my name is Lucio, well known to the

duke.

DUKE. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCIO. I fear you not.

DUKE. O! you hope the duke will return no more,

or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

LUCIO. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

DUKE. Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO. Why? for filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again; this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his houseeaves, because they are lecherous. The duke vet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

DUKE. No might nor greatness in mortality 192 Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE.

ESCALUS. Go; away with her to prison! MRS. OVERDONE. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

ESCALUS. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

PROVOST. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

MRS. OVERDONE. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

ESCALUS. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Officers with Mistress Overdone.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

PROVOST. So please you, this friar hath been with him,

and advised him for the entertainment of death.

ESCALUS. Good even, good father. DUKE. Bliss and goodness on you! ESCALUS. O whence are you? DUKE. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See, In special business from his Holiness.

ESCALUS. What news abroad i' the world?

DUKE. None, but there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

ESCALUS. One that, above all other strifes, contended

especially to know himself.

DUKE. What pleasure was he given to?
ESCALUS. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

DUKE. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

ESCALUS. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

DUKE. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

ESCALUS. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you I to A March E Mail M well.

DUKE. Peace be with you!

Exeunt Escalus and Provost.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear 268

Should be as holy as severe; Pattern in himself to know, Grace to stand, and virtue go; More nor less to others paying 272 Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo, To weed my vice and let his grow! O, what may man within him hide, Though angel on the outward side! How many likeness made in crimes, 280 Making practice on the times, To draw with idle spiders' strings Most pond'rous and substantial things! Craft against vice I must apply: With Angelo to-night shall lie His old betrothed but despis'd: So disguise shall, by the disguis'd, Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

. The state of ACT IV., which states we will

Scene I.—The moated Grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy: Boy sings.

Take, O take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn;

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,

bring again, bring

MARIANA. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [Exit Boy. Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displayed but played my was

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

DUKE. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

I pray you tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

MARIANA. You have not been inquired after: I

have sat here all day.

DUKE. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

MARIANA. I am always bound to you. [Exit

Enter ISABELLA.

DUKE. Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good deputy?

ISABELLA. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick.

32

36

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key;
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

DUKE. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

ISABELLA. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't: With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

DUKE. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

MEASURE FOR MEASURE SCENE I **2**97 ISABELLA. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark: And that I have possess'd him my most stay Can be but brief; for I have made him know I have a servant comes with me along, That stays upon me, whose persuasion is I come about my brother. 'Tis well borne up. I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this. What ho! within! come forth. Re-enter MARIANA I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:

She comes to do you good.

. ISABELLA. I do desire the like.

Do you persuade yourself that I respect you? DUKE. MARIANA. Good friar, I know you do, and oft have found it.

DUKE. Take then this your companion by the hand, Who hath a story ready for your ear. I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;

The vaporous night approaches.

MARIANA. Will't please you walk aside? [Excunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.

DUKE. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report Run with these false and most contrarious quests Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dream. And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed? ISABELLA. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, If you advise it. It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

Little have you to say ISABELLA. When you depart from him, but, soft and low, Remember now my brother.'

MARIANA. Fear me not.

DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all. 72 MARIANA.

He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's to sow. [Exeunt.

Scene II .- A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

PROVOST. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

POMPEY. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

PROVOST. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd. 13

POMPEY. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

PROVOST. What ho, Abhorson! Where 's Abhorson,

there?

Enter Abhorson.

ABHORSON. Do you call, sir?

PROVOST. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with
you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him.
He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been
a bawd.

ABHORSON. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

PROVOST. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.

POMPEY. Pray, sir, by your good favour—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

ABHORSON. Ay, sir; a mystery.

POMPEY. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

ABHORSON. Sir, it is a mystery.

POMPEY. Proof?

ABHORSON. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. POMPEY. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

PROVOST. Are you agreed?

POMPEY. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find that your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd, he doth often ask forgiveness.

PROVOST. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

ABHORSON. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in

my trade; follow. 55
POMPEY. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

PROVOST. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: 60

Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where 's Barnardine? CLAUDIO. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones;

He will not wake.

Who can do good on him? 68 PROVOST. Well, go; prepare yourself. [Knocking within.] But hark, what noise?—

Heaven give your spirits comfort !- [Exit CLAUDIO.] By

and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE, disguised as before.

Welcome, father. 72 DUKE. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late? PROVOST. None since the curfew rung.

DUKE. Not Isabel?

No. PROVOST.

They will, then, ere't be long. DUKE. PROVOST. What comfort is for Claudio? DUKE. There 's some in hope.

It is a bitter deputy. PROVOST. It is a bitter DUKE. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd

Even with the stroke and line of his great justice: He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself which he spurs on his power To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; But this being so, he's just .- [Knocking within.] Now

are they come. [Exit Provost.

are they come. [Exit Provost. This is a gentle provost: seldom when The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [Knocking. How now! What noise? That spirit's possess'd with

haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Re-enter Provost.

PROVOST. There he must stay until the officer Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

DUKE. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet. But he must die to-morrow?

PROVOST.

None, sir, none.

DUKE. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

You shall hear more ere morning.

PROVOST.

Happily

You something know; yet, I believe there comes 96

No countermand: no such example have we.

Besides, upon the very siege of justice,

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

DUKE. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

TOTALL Claudio a maneral My lord hath sent you

MESSENGER. [Giving a paper.] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

PROVOST. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger. DUKE. [Aside.] This is his pardon, purchased by

such sin 108

For which the pardoner himself is in;
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

Now, sir, what news?

PROVOST. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

PROVOST. 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by

five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus

fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.' What say you to this, sir?

DUKE. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed

this afternoon?

PROVOST. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him?

I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROVOST. His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof. 137

DUKE. It is now apparent?

PROVOST. Most manifest, and not denied by himself. DUKE. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

PROVOST. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

DUKE. He wants advice.

PROVOST. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

PROVOST. Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE. In the delaying death.

PROVOST. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's to cross this in the smallest.

DUKE. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROVOST. Angelo hath seen them both, and will

discover the favour.

DUKE. O! death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

PROVOST. Pardon me, good father; it is against my

DUKE. Were you sworn to the duke or to the deputy?

PROVOST. To him, and to his substitutes.

DUKE. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

PROVOST. But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

PROVOST. I know them both.

DUKE. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days, he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ.

Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away : it is almost clear dawn. 212

Scene III.—Another Room in the Same,

Enter Pompey.

POMPEY. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight, the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-ean that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord 's sake.'

Enter Abhorson.

ABHORSON. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither. 20 POMPEY. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

ABHORSON. What ho! Barnardine! 23 BARNARDINE. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

POMPLY. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARNARDINE. [Within:] Away! you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

ABHORSON. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POMPEY. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHORSON. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

POMPEY. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

ABHORSON. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

POMPEY. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

BARNARDINE. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

ABHORSON. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap

into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNARDINE. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

POMPEY. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

ABHORSON. Look you, sir; here comes ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke, disguised as before.

DUKE. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you,

comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNARDINE. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that 's certain.

DUKE. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech

you look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNARDINE. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

DUKE. But hear you.

BARNARDINE. Not a word: if you have anything to

say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I. Exit. to-day.

Enter Provost.

DUKE. Unfit to live or die. O, gravel heart! 65 After him fellows: bring him to the block. [Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY. PROVOST. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner? DUKE. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Here in the prison, father, PROVOST. There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage 76 Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

DUKE. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done. 80 And sent according to command, whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

PROVOST. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio. To save me from the danger that might come

If he were known alive? Let this be done: DUKE.

Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

PROVOST. I am your free dependant. DUKE. Quick, dispatch,

And send the head to Angelo. Now will I write letters to Angelo,— The provost, he shall bear them, -whose contents 96 Shall witness to him I am near at home. And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire

To meet me at the consecrated fount A league below the city; and from thence. By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

PROVOST. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself. 104 DUKE. Convenient is it. Make a swift return, For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

PROVOST. I'll make all speed. [Exit. ISABELLA. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here! 108 DUKE. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither; But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

ISABELLA. Ho! by your leave.

DUKE. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

ISABELLA. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon? 116
DUKE. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:

His head is off and sent to Angelo.

ISABELLA. Nay, but it is not so.

DUKE. It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter, In your close patience.

ISABELLA. O! I will to him and pluck out his eyes! DUKE. You shall not be admitted to his sight. 123
ISABELLA. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

DUKE. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot; Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity. The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your

eves:

One of our covent, and his confessor. Gives me this instance: already he hath carried 132 Notice to Escalus and Angelo, Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can, pace your

wisdom In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your bosom on this wretch. Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, And general honour.

ISABELLA. I am directed by you.

DUKE. This letter then to Friar Peter give; 140 Tis that he sent me of the duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours, I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you 144 Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self. I am combined by a sacred vow And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter. 148 Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here? reflering to continue to a superior continue to the Artificial Continue to

Enter Lucio.

LUCIO. Good even. Friar, where is the provost? DUKE. Not within, sir. LUCIO. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he

had lived. [Exit Isabella. DUKE. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them. 163 LUCIO. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest

him for.

DUKE. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ve

LUCIO. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can

tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

DUKE. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough. 172 LUCIO. I was once before him for getting a wench

with child.

DUKE. Did you such a thing?

many of the public

LUCIO. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

DUKE. Sir, your company is fairer than honest.

Rest you well.

LUCIO. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

A. T. A. C. S. T.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

ESCALUS. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

ANGELO. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

ESCALUS. I guess not.

ANGELO. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice,

they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

ESCALUS. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANGELO. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:

Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house; Give notice to such men of sort and suit

As are to meet him.

ESCALUS, I shall, sir: fare you well. ANGELO. Good night.— [Exit Escalus. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid, And by an eminent body that enforc'd The law against it! But that her tender shame 24 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no: For my authority bears so credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch: But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd, Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge. By so receiving a dishonour'd life With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd! Alack! when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

[Exit.

Scene V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke, in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER. DUKE. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.

The provost knows our purpose and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift, Though sometimes you do blench from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house. And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate: But send me Flavius first.

FRIAR PETER. It shall be speeded well. [Exit.

Enter VARRIUS.

DUKE. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste.

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends 12 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exeunt. Scene VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA

ISABELLA. To speak so indirectly I am loath: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it; He says, to veil full purpose.

MARIANA. Be rul'd by him.

ISABELLA. Besides, he tells me that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

MARIANA. I would, Friar Peter—
ISABELLA. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

FRIAR PETER. Come; I have found you out a stand most fit.

Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I .- A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA, veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at their stand. Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens at several doors.

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANGELO. Happy return be to your royal Grace!

DUKE. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks. Forerunning more requital.

ANGELO. You make my bonds still greater. 8
DUKE. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should

wrong it, To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves, with characters of brass, A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus, You must walk by us on our other hand; And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

FRIAR PETER. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before him.

ISABELLA. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object Till you have heard me in my true complaint

And given me justice, justice, justice! DUKE. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom?

Be brief:

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice: Reveal yourself to him.

ISABELLA. O worthy duke! 28 You bid me seek redemption of the devil. Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believ'd, Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here!! It is the same and the same and

ANGELO. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm: She hath been a suitor to me for her brother Cut off by course of justice,—

ISABELLA. By course of justice! ANGELO. And she will speak most bitterly and strange, un much ind maintain and the object of a second second 36

SCENE I] MEASURE FOR MEASURE	313
ISABELLA. Most strange, but yet most truly, wi	ill I
speak.	
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?	w.W
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?	
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,	40
A hypocrite, a virgin-violator;	. 1
Is it not strange, and strange?	
DUKE. Nay, it is ten times strain	nge.
ISABELLA. It is not truer he is Angelo	
Than this is all as true as it is strange;	44
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth	
To the end of reckoning.	
DUKE. Away with her! poor sou	1,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.	1.7
ISABELLA. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou belie	v'st
There is another comfort than this world,	49
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion	
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not imposs	ible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible	52
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,	
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute	
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,	
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,	50
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:	
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,	
Had I more name for badness.	
DUKE. By mine honesty,	
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—	60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,	141
Such a dependency of thing on thing,	
As e'er I heard in madness.	
ISABELLA. O gracious duke!	
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason	64
For inequality; but let your reason serve	

To make the truth appear where it seems hid, And hide the false seems true. Many that are not mad DUKE. Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say? ISABELLA. I am sister of one Claudio, Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo. I, in probation of a sisterhood, Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio As then the messenger,— That 's I, an't like your Grace: LUCIO. I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo For her poor brother's pardon. ISABELLA.

DUKE. You were not bid to speak.

LUCIO.

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

DUKE.

I wish you now, then; Pray you, take note of it; and when you have 80 A business for yourself, pray heaven you then Be perfect.
LUCIO. I warrant your honour. DUKE. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it. ISABELLA. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,— , Lucio. Right. DUKE. It may be right; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time. Proceed. ISABELLA. I went: 88 To this pernicious caitiff deputy. DUKE. That's somewhat madly spoken. ISABELLA. The phrase is to the matter. DUKE. Mended again: the matter; proceed. 92 ISABELLA. In brief, to set the needless process by, How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd, How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter. He would not, but by gift of my chaste body To his concupiscible intemperate lust, Release my brother; and, after much debatement, 100 My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes, His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

For my poor brother's head.

DUKE. This is most likely! 104 ISABELLA. O, that it were as like as it is true!

DUKE. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not

what thou speak'st.

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour In hateful practice. First, his integrity 108 Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

ISABELLA. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above, Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go! 120

DUKE. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer! To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice. 124

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

ISABELLA. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

DUKE. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?
LUCIO. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling

friar:

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

DUKE. Words against me! This' a good friar,

belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

LUCIO. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar, I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar, A very scurvy fellow.

FRIAR PETER. Bless'd be your royal Grace! I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, who is as free from touch or soil with her, As she from one ungot.

DUKE. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
FRIAR PETER. I know him for a man divine and

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, As he's reported by this gentleman; And, on my trust, a man that never yet Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

LUCIO. My lord, most villanously; believe it. FRIAR PETER. Well; he in time may come to clear

himself,

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE. Good friar, let's hear it.
[ISABELLA is carried off guarded; and MARIANA comes forward.
Do you not smile at this Lord Angelo?—

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

MARIANA. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my

face

[Unveiling.

Until my husband bid me. DUKE. What, are you married? MARIANA. No, my lord. Are you a maid? DUKE. No, my lord. MARIANA. DUKE. A widow, then? Neither, my lord. MARIANA. Why, you 172 DUKE. Are nothing, then: neither maid, widow, nor wife? LUCIO. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

DUKE. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause To prattle for himself. LUCIO. Well, my lord. MARIANA. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married; And I confess besides I am no maid: I have known my husband yet my husband knows not That ever he knew me. LUCIO. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better. DUKE. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! LUCIO. Well, my lord. DUKE. This is no witness for Lord Angelo. MARIANA. Now I come to't, my lord: She that accuses him of fornication. In self-same manner doth accuse my husband; And charges him, my lord, with such a time, When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms, With all th' effect of love. ANGELO. Charges she moe than me? MARIANA. Not that I know. DUKE. No? you say your husband.
MARIANA. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo, Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body 196 But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's. ANGELO. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARIANA. My husband bids me; now I will un-

mask.

· DUKE.

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on: This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract. Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house In her imagin'd person. Know you this woman? LUCIO. Carnally, she says. Sirrah, no more! DUKE. LUCIO. Enough, my lord.

ANGELO. My lord, I must confess I know this woman: And five years since there was some speech of marriage Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off, Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief For that her reputation was disvalu'd In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her, 216 Upon my faith and honour. MARIANA. Noble prince, As there comes light from heaven and words from breath. As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue. I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly As words could make up vows: and, my good lord, But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house He knew me as a wife. As this is true. Let me in safety raise me from my knees 224 Or else for ever be confixed here, A marble monument. ANGELO. I did but smile till now: Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice; My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive 228 These poor informal women are no more But instruments of some more mightier member That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord, To find this practice out.

Ay, with my heart; 232

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman, Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths, Though they would swear down each particular saint. Were testimonies against his worth and credit That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus, Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. There is another friar that set them on: Let him be sent for.

FRIAR PETER. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed

Hath set the women on to this complaint: Your provost knows the place where he abides...

And he may fetch him.

Go do it instantly. [Exit Provost. DUKE. And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin, Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, 248 Do with vour injuries as seems you best, In any chastisement: I for awhile will leave you; But stir not you, till you have well determin'd Upon these slanderers. 252 ESCALUS. My lord, we'll do it throughly.-

[Exit DUKE.

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person? LUCIO. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in

nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

ESCALUS. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

LUCIO. As any in Vienna, on my word.

ESCALUS. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

LUCIO. Not better than he, by her own report. ESCALUS. Say you? LUCIO. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance.

publicly, she'll be ashamed.

ESCALUS. I will go darkly to work with her.

272 LUCIO. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA.

ESCALUS. [To Isabella.] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said. 276 LUCIO. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of: here with the provost.

ESCALUS. In very good time: speak not you to him,

till we call upon you.

Enter Duke, disguised as a friar, and Provost.

LUCIO. Mum.

ESCALUS. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did. DUKE. 'Tis false.

ESCALUS. How! know you where you are? DUKE. Respect to your great place! and let the

devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak. 288 ESCALUS. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

DUKE. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls! Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse.

LUCIO. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of. ESCALUS. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself, 304 To tax him with injustice? take him hence;
To the rack with him! We'll touse you joint by joint.
But we will know his purpose. What! 'unjust'?

DUKE. Be not so hot; the duke

308 Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, 316 As much in mock as mark.

ESCALUS. Slander to the state! Away with him to

prison!

ANGELO. What can you vouch against him, Signior

Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of? LUCIO. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?

bald-pate: do you know me?

DUKE. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke ?

what you said of the duke?

DUKE. Most notedly, sir.

LUCIO. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported

him to be?

DUKE. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

LUCIO. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck

thee by the nose for thy speeches?

thee by the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE. I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

ANGELO. Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

ESCALUS. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd witha'.

SH. I.

Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? 34x Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough on him, let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion! 344 [The Provost lays hands on the DUKE.

DUKE. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

ANGELO. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio. LUCIO. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir.

Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[To Lucio.] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

356

DUKE. [To Escalus.] What you have spoke I pardon; sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [To Angelo.] Sir, by your leave. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

O my dread lord! ANGELO.

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible When I perceive your Grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession:

Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg.

Come hither, Mariana, DUKE. Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANGELO. I was, my lord. DUKE. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. Do you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[Excunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

ESCALUS. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour

376

Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

ISABELLA. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown sovereignty!

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,

Labouring to save his life, and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power

Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid!

It was the swift celerity of his death,

Which I did think with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,

So happy is your brother.

I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

DUKE. For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd 397
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your brother,—
Being criminal, in double violation 400
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'

Haste stills pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,

436

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested, Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage. We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him! O, my most gracious lord! MARIANA. I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life And choke your good to come. For his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.
MARIANA.

O my dear lord!

I crave no other, nor no better man. DUKE. Never crave him; we are definitive. MARIANA. [Kneeling.] Gentle my liege,-You do but lose your labour. DUKE.

Away with him to death! [To Lucio.] Now, sir, to you. MARIANA. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come, I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

428 DUKE. Against all sense you do importune her: Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

Isabel. MARIANA. Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me: Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all. They say best men are moulded out of faults, And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband. O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee? DUKE. He dies for Claudio's death.

ISABELLA. [Kneeling.] Most bounteous sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my brother liv'd. I partly think 440 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds. Till he did look on me: since it is so, Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died: For Angelo. His act did not o'ertake his bad intent: And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects; Intents but merely thoughts. Merely, my lord. MARIANA. DUKE. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say. I have bethought me of another fault. Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour? PROVOST. It was commanded so. Had you a special warrant for the deed? PROVOST. No, my good lord; it was by private message. DUKE. For which I do discharge you of your office: Give up your keys. PROVOST. Pardon me, noble lord: I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, Yet did repent me, after more advice; For testimony whereof, one in the prison, That should by private order else have died I have reserv'd alive. What's he? DUKE. His name is Barnardine. "PROVOST. DUKE. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. 464 Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him. [Exit Provost. ESCALUS. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd, Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood, And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

ANGELO. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure; And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart That I crave death more willingly than mercy:

472
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

480

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled. and JULIET.

Which is that Barnardine? DUKE. This, my lord. PROVOST.

DUKE. There was a friar told me of this man. Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul.

That apprehends no further than this world,

And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd:

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,

And pray thee take this mercy to provide For better times to come. Friar, advise him:

I leave him to your hand. - What muffled fellow's that? PROVOST. This is another prisoner that I sav'd, That should have died when Claudio lost his head, 484

As like almost to Claudio as himself. [Unmuffles CLAUDIO.

DUKE. [To ISABELLA.] If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake Give me your hand, and say you will be mine, He is my brother too. But fitter time for that. By this, Lord Angelo perceives he 's safe: Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:

Look that you love your wife; her worth worth

vours.-

I find an apt remission in myself, And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon. -

[To Lucio.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward; One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus?

LUCIO. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

DUKE. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after. Proclaim it, provost, round about the city, If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,— As I have heard him swear himself there's one Whom he begot with child, let her appear,

[Excunt.

508

And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,

Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

LUCIO. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

513

DUKE. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and there withal

Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to

death, whipping, and hanging.

DUKE. Slandering a prince deserves it. 520 She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo: I have confess'd her and I know her virtue. Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness: There's more behind that is more gratulate. 525 Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy; We shall employ thee in a worthier place. Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home 528 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's: The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel. I have a motion much imports your good: Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline, 532 What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

SCHEET MEASURE DUR MEASURE 5 -the state lein on with and rease that of the A. 8 14 Let him be will red and tell. LUCIO. I be seen a west of mercy shared governor you

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